



GALMAHR



.. The Magazine of the ..
University of Queensland



OCTOBER, 1922.

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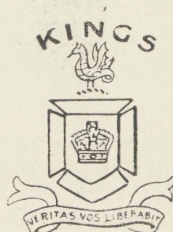
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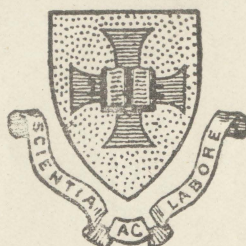
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GALMAHRA

... THE MAGAZINE OF THE ...
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND



OCTOBER, 1922.

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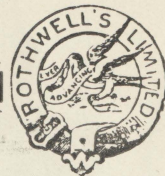
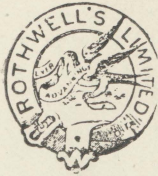
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[NEW SERIES.]

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1922.

No. 6

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All Literary Communications, including original articles, verses, correspondence, etc., should be addressed to "The Editor, 'Galmahra,' University of Queensland, Brisbane," and with the exception of Club and College Notes, etc., should reach him as soon as possible after the beginning of each term.

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Editorial.

"There was a time when all the bodies
members
Rebelled against the belly."

And we would adapt in part this fable of the Belly and the members to our present case, interpreting the Belly as the system of education obtaining in the Grammar schools. First we affirm that we are here concerned with neither the details of class-room instruction, nor with the minutiae of dormitory rule; but rather with the broad principles on which efficient secondary education is based. Briefly and roughly the functions of a secondary school are these: to instil the elements of logic and reason into the hopeless muddle of human brain and so make it an apparatus of use rather than a burden. Euclid and Physics provide the media; by contact with classics of our own and other tongues, to inspire into the country's youth an appreciation of the artistic, a certain culture, and an ability to speak and write approximately correct English. to engender physical strength and to foster the impulses of manliness; for this were games conceived; to cultivate a rigorous, unbending code of morals, capable of application or adaptation to the sterner issues of life after schooldays; to promote the community spirit; to inspire the spirit and will of leadership; the boarding phase of school life plays this part as no other phase can play it.

These were the beliefs of the founders of our Grammar Schools. In the beginning they instituted a boarding establishment, they presented a comprehensive and adequate curriculum, the exposition of which they entrusted to English Public School and University men—than whom in their great culture, there were none more fitted for such work; they furnished

ample opportunity and space for games. And the results need no comment; more eloquent than words is the extent to which the past pupils of these schools hold high office in the State to-day.

But the members of the body rebelled against the belly, their agents being their priests and their politicians. No loud rebellion to the throb of war drums. Rather otherwise! Gradually, quietly, church schools and State High Schools have made their appearance. In the abstract the Church and the State are capable of making schools excellent in every respect. In hard and incontrovertible fact, the schools they have made are not, in all, the schools the country wants. As it is, raw material which the Grammar Schools might turn into the efficient polished article is denied full development in other institutions, is denied either the efficiency or the polish. And there faces us the appalling spectacle of the smaller Grammar Schools fighting for their very existence, owing to the amazing outcrop of State and secular schools; appalling partly because of their helplessness. For in the shape of its parson the church school has an agent in every village, and most people do not realise the limitations of State enterprise. We do not advocate the abolition of State and Church High Schools. In no way! But we do urge them to complete their job or to leave it to the more efficient Grammar Schools. Consider these schools in turn. The Church schools provide boarding and sports facilities; against them here we have no grouch, rather we felicitate them on their success in this direction. But what of education, as far as the class-room is concerned? To what extent does it exist in these

schools? For your answer you must look to results of public examinations, the only gauge worth considering. And the logic of an Euclidean proposition, the recognition of the Newtonian Laws, the appreciation of Keats, of what avail are they to boys who, the sons of squatters, will be in after life, squatters themselves? A pertinent question! But a logical brain is worth while even to a squatter, and an appreciation of literature can hardly do a grievous harm if, thereby, Shelley share the leisure hours with the gramophone. "The schoolmaster is abroad," said Brougham, "and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." But as far as the Church schools are concerned, it appears, it is someone quite different, who has donned the academic dress, or the schoolmaster has left his primer at home. The attitude of the pupils seems to be this: "We are here for a good time, and all we care about is ice-cream and sports." And the tutor appears to answer, "Yes, you may have your good time provided you are good at sports and acquire the tone we set." But the tutor—it is his duty—must add, "and provided you set yourselves seriously to your studies." The Grammar Schools have shown definitely that sports and tone and study—and ice-cream—can stalk hand in hand; Church schools have stepped into the square, let them make manifest more justification than they do for their existence, let them shew that they do believe the young brain of the country is worth developing, that their classrooms are something more than a name. The years have rendered futile the argument of infancy.

So far we have devoted our attentions to the so-called Protestant Church school. On the grounds set out we have no quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church schools—Nudgee and its branches. As far as we know them, they possess the necessary foundations of a useful school.

With the State our quarrel lies in this, that it caters for day pupils only, and its schools are frequently planted without due provision for games. The effects of lack of sports need no discussion. Con-

sider the question of boarding. Emerson has warned us, "You send your child to the schoolmaster, but 'tis the schoolboys who educate him." And in many directions the real educators are the schoolboys. But to give full scope to their activities, boarding schools are necessary. They have no chance with the day-pupil. Every boarding school has its peculiar code of ethics; strange code, maybe, but strong and vigorous, with 'Honour' its watchword and subjugation of self its aim. To a large extent the stability of a nation depends upon the patriotism of its people, which is the extent to which they recognise that they form a body corporate. Recognition of the corporate aspect of life steels them to preserve their communal integrity. "English public school life is extremely like English public life, for which it is the preparatory school," says Chesterton. But it is true not only of England. To school boarders the corporate life is ever manifest; there is born in them recognition of the importance of community spirit, and they look for it and shew it in later life. "The child is father of the man," also the child is impressionable and susceptible to environment. Put him to a boarding school—accepting the masters to be clean, strong and honourable men—and in most cases he will emerge a useful citizen. Far be it from us to assert that unless he attend such a school, then he will not become a useful citizen. Rather that he has less chance of becoming such. His choice of satisfactions arising from his varied experiences as a boy decides his choice of satisfactions as a man, and by that do we gauge a man's use as a citizen. In a boarding school there are those to help him to an honourable choice, help him more strongly than his own home folk are able.

On these grounds then do we affirm that the secular and State secondary school's fail, where the Grammar schools stand strong. And we submit that it is the duty of both to mend their ways or quit the business, and so give back to the Grammar Schools what was once their monopoly.

—W. J. C.

Glimpses of the Granite Belt.

(Concluded).

It is a rare and summer night on which you will not welcome your great-coat when driving; and when you retire you will welcome equally your eider-down quilt. On such a night, lying abed, you visualise and commiserate the unhappy wretches who, nude and humid, lie tossing within the stifling mosquito net on a coastal bed. For here on summer nights you not only draw up your quilt, but are freed from the prison-house of the mosquito net—for which your bed simply has no provision.

With such a stimulant to labour as this air affords, is it curious that denizens of the Granite Belt should have worked their bodies into a healthfulness as near perfection as is possible on this earth? Their livers are brought into subjection. Many of them, in other parts, were under the tyranny of the liver—a prey to worry, obsessions and bad temper. Here their world is transformed. There is a sort of perennial cheerfulness about people which, by its ubiquity, astonishes the newcomer. People from the lower cities who used to worry over trifles laugh at them here, and are themselves astonished at the superiority with which they rise above them—as well as by their equanimity in the face of real hardship.

This all sounds ridiculously like a propagandist account from a tourist guide-book. Guide books exaggerate notoriously; like cinema-actors, they exaggerate Nature to impress. When you tell the sober truth about the Stanthorpe climate it looks to the uninitiated like an over-statement. But the fact is that people here are continually saying, as they gaze at the sunset in the purple hills, what they say of sunsets at Agra or Cairo: "Well, if you put that on canvas they wouldn't believe you." People who do not know it say the same when you depict the Stanthorpe climate.

Invalids flock here. The doctors are finding it out. The ailing come for respite. And many say that when they leave they are out of health till they return. And I

believe them. Consequently large numbers of them have come to stay. But it is not necessary to be ailing to appreciate this air. It is so far superior to all other air in the State that the hale are impressed by it. People rave about Italy and the Riviera. But I can't help thinking that the praise of those parts is offered with the English climate implicitly in the background as a standard of comparison. Compared with England, the Riviera is Elysium. But if the English tourists who praise the Riviera knew the Granite Belt, they would speak of "Stanthorpe and Nice," "Appelthorpe and Aix-les-Bains." To be frank—and at the risk of incredulity—I'll say that when English people get to know Stanthorpe in the course of their travels (and Antipodean travel is now re-starting in earnest) the praise of this plateau will be sung so loud in London that you'll have the wealthy English making pilgrimage here. This is not fatuity: you'll see.

Visitation from overseas ought to be an objective with this district as much as overseas shipments of apples. Both will come. Nature has done all one could ask here in sheer beauty of outlook and of mountain walk. His "tramp" is as dear to the Englishman as his golf. If only we refrain from garish attempts to improve Nature—as she has been improved so impudently in other parts—our English cousins are safe for their rambles.

They will be pleased, too, by the vigour of this winter. I have known it colder here in July than ever I knew it in London: which is saying a good deal. The cold of London is very spectacular—with snow and icicles and frozen ponds and rain, and the rest of it. But it is not so keen as we know at this elevation. The Englishman, when he comes, can gloat over his log fires with as much reason as at home. Englishmen abroad will light fires without provocation—just for their associations and their sense of cosiness. I have known them light log-fires in the sub-tropical autumn—and achieve something

more than cosiness. But they can have them in this autumn with perfect impunity. But though they may enjoy log-fires here, the winter will offer them a luxury they little know at home; and that is long successions of sunny frosts. Than this there is no more delicious aspect of winter anywhere. In the British Isles they know too much of damp, cold and slush and winter fogs. Not in Switzerland's most genial January will you know a more robustious, invigorating frost, and sun, than in our July.

An Englishman would be seduced by a tract that grows so many of his own fruit. Beside apples and pears, all his "berries" grow here well: blackberries, gooseberries, cranberries, currants, raspberries, and what not. But what will fire his imagination beyond all these is to find in profusion here those fruits he grows painfully on walls and in hot-houses—the peach, the nectarine, the grape. In England, one bunch of grapes goes the rounds of the table, and the diners snip off half a dozen berries with unction; that's their ration. But unless you have lived in England you cannot conceive the ecstasy with which a Londoner would wander here through a vineyard and gorge pounds. I have seen peaches in Bond Street such as I grew here last December (and for which I got 1/6 a case) priced at 1/6 each. And the pineapples—of which the Englishman at home consumes a cubic inch at dinner—though it does not grow at Stanthorpe, grows within cooee, so to speak, and can be had for sixpence in the local shops.

All this I say, not with the motive of enticing the Englishman, but that Queenslanders may realise that the fruits they accept as "routine" are really a privilege. Similarly I would suggest that the much-bepraised climates of Southern Europe, which the English pay large sums to enjoy for a few weeks in the winter, are here, a Queensland possession for ever. You needn't go across the world to taste them. They await you in the Granite Belt.

But it is not such a landscape as you will see in France or Italy. They say that Stanthorpe finds a counterpart in Cornwall in the character of its scenery. But the Northern Mediterranean coast-country

is much less rugged. I don't know Cornwall. But the Granite Belt reminds me much of Syria. And as you approach the town of Stanthorpe from the south-west you will find the general qualities of the scenery of suburban Jerusalem reproduced in a striking fashion. The colour of the rocks and the sparse timber and the contour of the thinly-grassed ground, and even the colour of the tenements, bring back Jerusalem to me quite vividly. And any ex-lighthorseman would probably agree that there is a haunting resemblance in landscape between a run from Dalveen to Glen Aplin and the climb up from Ludd to Jerusalem. Who can forget the powdered, choking, clinging dust of the Holy City? But who that knows the Granite Belt can fail to have remarked the accommodating fashion in which the dust raised by a car sinks immediately behind it into the granite road? Indeed, there is no dust at Stanthorpe, properly speaking. What is called dust is a finely-granulated granite too heavy to go upon the wind. It never powders; and so it never annoys you. Nor is there mud here—such as makes life hideous about Toowoomba and the Blackall Range. For there is no clay—nothing, in fact, that rain will make sticky. The harder it rains the cleaner it gets. The soil absorbs quickly. Rain here leaves nothing but beauty behind—rocks gleaming like silver amongst the trees, and the near hills a deep purple. I doubt if anywhere else you will find hills so near at hand throwing off such colour. This is all, of course, due to the medium through which you see them; and it is the character of this rare atmosphere to draw a supernatural colour out of every feature in the landscape. This medium it is which, in the day, lends a superior sharpness of definition to the countryside, and which at night makes the moonlight as bright as in Egypt, and makes the stars dance. Dance is the only word. In other parts they shine—and sometimes they glitter. But here they dance.

But if I say more you'll think I'm extravagant. I did want to speak of the wild flowers and of the pine groves and of the lovely shapes of the rocks, and of the temperament this life produces, and

of the relics of the mining spirit that persist, and of many other things. But there is so much that eludes description

that you had much better come and see for yourself.

HECTOR DINNING.



Staff Notes.

This year has brought the University to the end of another stage in its development: the Faculty of Arts has been strengthened by the creation of Professorships in English, and History and Economics, the site question has been finally settled, and the statutory endowment has been restored and increased. The creation of the two new Professorships, made possible by the McCaughey bequest, increases the number of Professors to eleven. The University has much reason to be grateful for the addition of seven new Professorships to the original four during the first twelve years of its existence.

The passing of the University Site Bill and the University Act Amendment Bill gives further cause for satisfaction. One of the last acts of our First Chancellor, Sir William MacGregor, was the agreement with the City Council that an area in Victoria Park should be transferred to the University. Various difficulties have postponed the passage of a Bill to legalise the transfer, but we have now to thank the Government for introducing and carrying through the necessary legislation.

A second measure for which our thanks are due to the Government is the Amendment Bill. A statutory endowment was provided for seven years in the original Act, and since the expiry of that period the University has been included in the annual estimates. The present Act not only restores a statutory endowment, but also increases the amount. The Act does not abolish, but it does much to diminish, our financial anxieties.

In addition to its endowment clause the Amendment Act provides for Govern-

ment subsidies to supplement private endowment of research. This definite recognition that research work is an important activity of a University, combined with provision for material assistance in carrying on research, gives rise to hopeful views of our future.

The present position of the University is one of promise, but the extent to which that promise will be realised must depend largely on the assistance forthcoming. The Government and the City Council have given a lead, but the value of their help will be largely discounted unless those who draw their wealth from Queensland add their support. The possession of a site will not solve the problem of accommodation until an adequate building fund is available; the research clause of the Amendment Act does not provide a penny until private generosity has acted; further, the increased endowment barely meets our present expenses. If University work, whether teaching or research, is to be efficient, the men engaged in that work must have time and opportunity to keep in touch with the development of their subjects. The further their University is removed from the main centres of thought the harder it is to maintain that contact. The two great aids in so doing are a large University library, especially well provided with current periodicals, and facilities for visits to European and American Universities. The University of Queensland has done what it could to provide these aids, but under present conditions the Library vote is inadequate, while the combined travelling expenses and payment of a substitute make it almost impossible, and in some cases quite impossible, to visit Universities outside Australia.

Legs.

"Fain would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg,
For it is white and hairless as an egg."

In very sooth, good reasons for kissing anybody's legs! But not the best reasons! Maybe there is an indescribable charm attaching to hairlessness; maybe there is an exquisite grace in whiteness. But they are as nothing to the ecstasy, the poetry, of the dainty curves of a slim roundness. Square-cut whiteness and triangular hairlessness have never yet excited the osculatory centres of any man. But give him a soul and shew him a curve, O Gentle Maiden, and beware, for you have shown him beauty, and judge him not harshly if he pursue it. For this is truth: that curves in the symmetry of their disposition provide the only medium for the graphic representation of beauty; straight lines are useless, worse than useless, for in their travail they produce always the unbeautiful. That is why engineers are what we generally find them, soulless anaesthetics—

οἱ ἀναίσθητοι ὀρθαῖοι

The engineer's life is a function of straight lines and angles—and angles are the meanest thing of a man's conception. Here and there we find an arch with a sweep as lovely as a flying bird's, but he has wrecked its beauty in a maze of angle irons and girders. Fool people pay him to build them a road, and their hearts yearn for a winding one. He builds it straight and true with a commendable precision; and one more corner of life is thereby prose. For the happy life curves are as essential as is the vaunted daily bread. And in spite of his own assertion, we do not believe Herrick was prompted to kiss Julia's leg either by reason of its whiteness or its hairlessness; rather did its harmony of curves flood him with emotion. So much that he felt he must apostrophise it. He wanted a rhyme to leg and 'curves' would not fit into the rhythm.

In late years fashion has decreed that women shall display her ankles and her calves to the eyes of any brave to gaze. And as courage is the common attribute of man, his eyes are greatly used—to their

own detriment, and to the detriment of his opinion of women. Throughout the ages sculptors and painters have taken the female nude as a medium for the expression of the beautiful. Man, of convenient and casual habits, has refused to realise the sculptor chooses his subject not haphazard, and has declined to accept the existence of corsets. To him, on a time, all women were as Praxiteles chiselled her. But woman, revelling in the cloak of mystery in which man has dressed her, chooses to disillusion him. She was ever a contradiction. Fashion has decreed she shall show her legs. Much has been written and more spoken against this vast display of female understanding—or misunderstanding. But fashion and the woman have won out. Fashion was ever a tyrant; woman was ever prone to extravagance. She has sought to display her charms, and, in the general, has revealed her lack of them. Even curves, to be beautiful, must be rhythmically disposed; vers libres at its highest can never attain to the beauty of the sonnet, and bad vers libres is an agony. But the mere fact of much leg protruding from the skirt is not immoral in itself. Provided the leg is rhythmically moulded it can be highly moral. Immorality approaches when the unbeautiful leg steps out. Whosoever brings to view the ugly is guilty of a grave offence, an act of the deepest immorality. The aim of life is the seeking after beauty, and beauty is acceptable to man, be it in limbs such as Phidias carved, or in trees such as Corot saw and gave us. Verily is this an age of unbeautiful legs. Consider your furniture legs. Everywhere MISSION! Square-cut gaunt, in every show-window! It can be effective, this mission bedstead in its polished squareness. But the grain of the timber and the maker's precision—and prices—save it. Yet what insomnia must it bring. The age of chivalry may not be dead, but Queen Anne certainly is—at least as far as her furniture is concerned. A mission sideboard is prose, heavy prose; a Chippendale chair and a Queen Anne cabinet are lyrics in their delicacy

of their curves. But mission could only be prose, for it has sprung from a prosy age. Unbeautiful legs everywhere! And women, if but for their own sakes, must lower their garments. Most ankles suggest poetic calves, most calves are atrocities. O woman! Take heed unto thy ways.

—QUOODLE.



Caloundra Biology Excursion.

On Sunday, 5th August, at 9.30 a.m., the "sailors" all left Brisbane by the Koopa, a few having gone by train the previous day. The trip across the bay was great, and after passing Redcliffe we reached Bribie about 15 mins. post meridiem. Little of note took place on the matutinal voyage.

At Bribie we were met by Mr. T. with a fine launch, and at 1.15 p.m. (all human and other freight aboard) we made a start for Caloundra (30 miles distant) and passed along Pumice Stone passage.

Some of the party chose the first class deck (the awning) in preference to the "hold."

Despite the fact that there were 31 minds with but a single thought, our appetites were to be whetted by a grand chorus which was proceeding to exhaust Commem. songs and other rags until a not unwelcome intruder suggested some reinforcement. It was at this juncture that several gentlemen gave a homely demonstration of their domestic abilities.

The trip went "as merry as a marriage bell," until late in the afternoon the launch appeared to have difficulty in progressing, and despite the efforts of the captain and first mate and the presence of the noble freight, the beast behaved in a manner worthy only of a Ford. It decided to get bogged owing to the presence of an insignificant sandbank, covered by a few bare inches of water, and although most laudable at-

tempts on behalf of the crew were repeated, and notwithstanding that 31 people from the Queensland University wished it to move, the animal was obstinate.

That we were in imminent danger (of remaining stuck) was evident when the cry of the captain was heard to man the boats.

Here we must record most disgraceful conduct on the part of the men. There was a rush for the sole life-boat by the male passengers, followed by the more daring of the women.

The vessel, being much lightened, yielded to persuasion and proceeded to move away. Imagine our consternation when we made the grim discovery that we had been callously cast adrift with the mother vessel fast disappearing.

But tears were dried, and hearts strengthened when we discovered that we had the cox of the University Eight with us.

Many willing hands seized the oars (2), and the boathook, and as many tacitly resolved to face death bravely (for the women's sake!)

The tide threatened to carry us away, and the pseudo-captain ordered more power on the paddles. Such was the zeal and force with which two members attacked the task that the elastic limit of the oar being reached, a rending of timber was followed by a propulsion of the engine into the bow.

At this stage, thanks to the nautical sense of some one and the valour of others, a few bravely decided to leave the boat as a means of lightening it (a manly sacrifice of men for their comrades).

Watery Neptune then discovering the many leaks in our frail craft, there was a rush of "all" (more or less) "hands to the pump" headed by A.B. Yarad.



The aforesaid brave men, discarding boots with etiquette, succeeded in leading the boat through the danger zone. Some of the faithless women (now that safety had been reached) then decided to decamp.

Here it is worthy of note that only one of the women really swam (albeit unwillingly).

The rest of the voyage was less eventful, and somewhere about 7 p.m. we reached Caloundra, where we were met by Mr. Cayzer. A walk of some distance brought us to the Boarding House.

Monday.—Shortly after the dawn had crept from her saffron bed over the eastern hill, and after morning tea, some energetic people were seen chasing the mermaids from the Caloundra surf.

After breakfast we commenced our excursions by a ramble through the bush. Two events of note occurred.

1. A few of the men were lost (but happily returned in time for lunch).

2. The presence of a wild animal (though inanimate) endangered our lives by preventing any approach whatever to a botanical specimen which we had hoped to examine.

In the afternoon, accompanied by Miss Walker and Mr. Cayzer, we journeyed to the rocks and beach. Here many interesting specimens of marine

animals were observed in their natural habits, and troubled with numbers of seekers, scalpers, etc.

Striking was the fearless manner in which the women attacked animals which were more fearful to behold than the poor old mouse.

Monday night saw the dining hall cleared for jazzing. The quite respectable jazz band dwindled at last to a bare unit—the pianist, others preferring to "trip the light fantastic" to beating a kerosene tin or playing a kazoo.

Tuesday's program was a trip to the Flat. The Flat, as the name implies, is a flat stretch of country anything from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 miles (opinions differ on this matter) from the boarding house.

At 10.30 a.m. we all set out and were soon scattered throughout the country, searching diligently for wild flowers. This proved a fascinating occupation.

Here we would mention a fact which shows how too much concentration on Science is apt to exercise a detrimental or otherwise effect. Even on the first day, one member, on holding up the hardened skin of a loaf of bread (presumably for classification) was hailed by one stude with "Crustacean."



This is by the way. Mr. King had brought out lunch to the flat, and about 12.30 we assembled to find that three of the women were missing. The men (or most of them) immediately set out in search, while all bore the shock bravely, although the search resulted in failure.

After lunch we spent a little time in the classification of the flowers collected in the morning, and returned home.

Tuesday night will long be remembered as the occasion of the 1922 Science Student's Fancy Dress Ball.

The costumes were choice, even if they did not (some of them) conform to ball-room etiquette. To describe them would be too lengthy a task. One fact was praiseworthy: almost everyone entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the affair, and made the evening a distinct success.

Miss Walker was cheered lustily, and accorded a "jolly good fellow" for the right royal manner in which she added to the pleasure of the party.

Wednesday.—In the morning we wandered a couple of miles along the beach, past Moffat Head, and inspected the Dicky, a small vessel of about 60ft. which was washed up some years ago. Numerous cameras were in evidence here, as well as on every occasion during the trip.

On our return for lunch we inspected the "Queen of the Colonies" on Moffat Head. This is an ordinary Pandanus or bread-fruit tree with the above inscription carved in its trunk. A small wooden cross at its foot marks the grave of the wife of a ship's captain who is supposed to have been buried there in 1867.

The afternoon was spent on the beach, where we examined the marine

animals and their zones in greater detail than on Monday.

The bathing attraction waned, probably owing to the coldness of the water.

Thursday morning presented a scene of departure. Leaving Caloundra at 9.15 a.m. we reached Bribie at 1.15 p.m., and Brisbane at dusk.

Thursday was devoted almost solely to cards, but late in the afternoon the full force was mobilised, and the massed choir rendered selections from 'Varsity songs, to the amusement of the rest of the passengers.

Several factors contributed to the satisfaction and pleasure which characterised the whole trip. Chief among them was the beautiful weather which from beginning to end graced the excursion.

The other factors were the genial manner in which we were treated by our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. King, and Miss Sully, whose kindness at the piano was keenly appreciated.

None the less, from a first year student's point of view, thanks are due to the third years, who played a great part in making the 1922 Caloundra excursion such a glorious success.



WAR!

Four years of Peace! And now the world
awaits
With avid fury one more taste of blood
And fire and death and plague and stinking
mud
To save it from the lethargy it hates—
This damned Peace! at last the calm abates
And storms appear again, a welcome sight
To all adventurous spirits who for Right
Are eager to contend. A thrill elates
The soul of every patriot at the call.
—'Tis thus the shrill-voiced sons of strife
proclaim
Their hateful spite; but yet these are not all.
Though snarling dogs desire to kill and maim
And frothing madness makes them struggle
long,
Their masters' chain, once broke, this time is
strong.

—P.R.S.

A Graduate Views the Eclipse at Glen Aplin.

To prepare us for the event, kind friends had sent pamphlets and books, books and pamphlets—miles of them; and the press, too, was anxious that no one should be ignorant of the importance of these strange antics of the sun and moon. Thus tuned to concert pitch, impatiently, expectantly, we awaited the day. We were dubious about the weather—we had had no decent day for several weeks. But Thursday dawned perfectly cloudless with the promise of a high wind.

The morning we spent preparing smoked glasses and hoping the moon would not forget the date fixed for its stunt. It's strange indeed how these blessed scientists can calculate the day, the hour, the minute. One almost expects the heavenly bodies to object to such close scrutiny of their private movements, and to run amok in protest; but they obey like lambs.

In the early afternoon we set out for our chosen place, close by Hill-top, and arrived just as the first bit of shadow crept on the sun. We had a map showing the planets ordained to appear on the stage during the performance. First came Venus, glimmering bright above us. We were facing straight towards the west; the sky was perfectly cloudless, and the horizon was a ring of hills—a perfect position to watch for the shadow. In the first half hour the light began to change—the furious wind dropped, and with it the temperature. As we sat in a group on the rocks we were a weird collection, with our smoked glasses and our anxious faces; the only members free from self-consciousness present were the baby and the dog. The light failed quickly after the half-hour and the shadows under the trees and in the vineyard below grew thicker and thicker. The light was of the strength of moonlight, but a different kind, a weird ghostly light. Some of our party got what was called the "chook-chook" feeling, and we all seemed keyed-up waiting for the final. It was strange to see the birds that had been out gallivanting, suddenly finding night upon them hours before they expected it. They came fluttering home in a great

hurry, hoping, presumably, the boss would be late. In the valley below, the jackasses started their night-cry. Waiting for the wonder-minutes of totality was like waiting for the birth of the New Year.

Gradually the crescent of the sun grew smaller, just before totality shadows rushed across the white sheet we had spread, but before we could observe them closely the sun had gone out, covered completely by the black shadow of the moon. And so it was for four thrilling minutes—all too short a time to see what was to be seen. The sky deepened to a dark, dark, blue, and like magic all the planets flashed out, Venus a hundred times brighter; Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn, Spica, Mars, and the pointers of the Southern Cross. Then the moment the shadow was over, the sun's light behind it flooded out in the beautiful Corona. The Corona was beautiful, but to me seemed most wonderful, the rushing shadow. First it was like a darkening of the colour in the western horizon; then it swept up the sky like a purple veil spreading round the horizon till the purple met a clear golden colour. During totality the wind dropped almost entirely, and the air grew chilly. The jackasses kept on insisting that it was night. The dog shivered as in fever, and in my arms the baby lay absolutely quiet, with big clear eyes fixed on the sun.

The four minutes fled by all too quickly. As the moon began to slip off the sun we saw the shadow bands racing across our sheet. They were about half an inch thick, and separated by about ten inches, and they seemed to vary. The great purple shadow had covered the sky and then, like a blinding searchlight, the first tiny spot of sun re-appeared; the stars went quickly back to bed, and the jackasses stopped their voice. Everyone began to talk, and the shadow rushed away to the East, over the Pacific Ocean, and was off the world before we were off the hill. In the ecstasy of it all we forgot to use the cameras we had set. The next total eclipse is visible in the West Indies. We are taking our cameras there.

I have endeavoured to show you what we saw, but the whole thing was too tremendous for words. And now with the excitement gone, but the memory beautiful,

we have returned to our ordinary life of plain clothes and porridge.

O. T.



An Unique History

OR

The Tragedy of a Man Who Loved His Wife.

He was not happy. A year ago he had married a woman, soft-voiced, well-spoken and fair to look upon. And he considered his choice a most excellent one, and himself thrice-blessed. His friends thought likewise. But now he was not happy. His honeymoon had been three weeks of rose and silver, and for the first few months the matrimonial gingerbread had glistened bright with its full veneer of the vaunted gilt. Yet somehow the gilded coating seemed to be wearing thin; in patches the mournful brown was most obviously manifest. Petty misunderstandings, false interpretations of thoughtless phrases threatened to wreck completely his marital bliss. Whenever he hurt his wife's feelings with a careless word, her pride would not allow her to listen to his explanations, nor would she hear him after the hurt had apparently healed. She was not the type that melts into tears which may be kissed to smiles. And he, supersensitive too, found much heartache in quite innocent observations of hers. Altogether their estate was not the happy one it should have been. He knew he loved her as much as he had ever done, and believed that she still loved him. And his hours were consumed in a fruitless seeking after means whereby they could steer their bark to calmer seas. But with the weeks the waters grew more turbulent. He took her home chocolates, trying to please her; he mentioned a pretty girl had served him, and again the apple-cart was over-turned. He took her to the opera, and she adored the fat baritone; he thought of his own leanness and became grumpy. Altogether he considered life—and especially married life—a devil of a business.

And then it happened that they went to a Masque Ball. She, pretty at all times,

looked wonderful in her plain black evening dress; dinner that evening had been happier, and he felt more at peace with the world than he had for many weeks.

His satisfaction grew as the glamour of the music, and the poetry of the dance entered his soul. By the tenth dance, the ecstasy of it all was upon him. He took his partner to a quiet seat and felt as he did in the care-free days of bachelorhood. In her ear he whispered the charms of fair women and the lure of the dance. Her soft replies caressed his ears and sang him into soul-gladness. He put his arm round her and spoke his love. She pressed closer and answered in like fashion. He kissed her and she made no demur. He told her he was married. She kissed him and urged him to relate his history. So he told her how his life was unhappy, how the days were made grey with petty jealousies and misunderstandings; how he had sought for a way out and had found none. He told her that his wife was the most delightful person of God's creation, that he loved her and believed he had at last conceived a plan that would make the sun to shine again and give back the gladness to their lives. And he held her close and kissed her in a great passion. Ever returning his embraces, she suggested that they should unmask and kiss once more. He thought they should, and she, lifting her mask, held up her lips. Blank, colourless dismay flooded his face as he rose to his feet.

"Why so suddenly cold," she said with bitterness, "you kissed me, you told me you loved me, and confided to me all the worries your wife has given you. Why so cold now?"

"Madam," he replied. "I hate you. I thought you were my wife."

Scents.

"See Venice and die," says the idealist; "Smell Naples and die," is the retort of the cynic, from which we may conclude that the odours characteristic of the last city are not, as the reader might suppose, like unto the aromatic perfumes of Arabia and the blooming rose, but verily and indeed unpleasant, of an unpleasantness that repels our finer spirits. Calcutta, travellers say, has nearly ten different smells, severally distinct, and all unpleasant! May they grow fainter.

"*Tout parfum est fée*," said Coppée.—all scent is bewitched. Some people may be indifferent to music, but those unaffected by odors are rare indeed. A breath of perfume brings instantly before our vision past scenes with all their pain or pleasure. Kipling recognised this when he wrote: "Smells are surer than sounds and sights, to make the heart strings crack." From certain odors we recoil instinctively, not because they are intrinsically unpleasant, but because of the associations they recall; while others, perhaps unattractive to our fellows, possess a peculiar fascination for us. The recognition of a perfume is practically instantaneous, as is the picture it conjures up. It is like suddenly glimpsing a familiar face in a passing crowd.

Such is my idealistic trend of thought, however, that I dislike to talk of odours which are not sweet, and meet for my lady's dressing-table. And so I will tell of scent, of perfume, of odours faint, yet clinging some of which have for me the dearest and most delightful of associations.

The use of sweet-smelling substances appears to have originated in religious worship, to which service they were for some time wholly consecrated, and it is from Persia that we first hear of them. The caravan which carried Joseph captive into Egypt was engaged in this traffic between the latter country and Persia. Alexander the Great, after his defeat of Darius, found in the latter's camp great treasure of perfumes and precious salves.

Among the Jews such material was consecrated to the church, and in the Bible several passages occur where they are rebuked by their prophets for using them upon the person. Sweet balsams and gums are frequently mentioned in the life of our Saviour. At His birth, frankincense was offered Him by the Wise Men, later Mary anointed his feet with precious ointment, and after His crucifixion Joseph of Arimathea placed His body in the tomb with balm and sweet spices. It was this custom which originated our word "embalm."

The Greeks always described their Gods as being redolent of ambrosia, and, according to their mythology, man would have had no knowledge of perfumes had it not been for the indiscretion of Oenone, one of the nymphs of Venus. As early as 300 B.C., Apollonius wrote a treatise upon perfumes, in which he speaks of essence of iris, and others, mentioning the localities producing the finest quality. The Athenians even had special perfumes for various parts of the body—palm oil for the cheeks and breast, mint for the arms, marjoram oil for the hair and eyebrows, thyme for the neck and chin, but the odour of the violet was prized most highly by them, even as it is with us at the present day. The use of perfumes became such a craze that the perfume shops of Athens were the general rendezvous, where matters of state were discussed, fashions talked over, and stories exchanged.

At fashionable entertainments the rooms were often perfumed, and occasionally trained doves, whose wings had been previously wetted with the most delightful essences, were allowed to fly about, the vibration of their wings raining perfume down upon the heads of the assembled guests. Solon finally proposed a law restricting the sale of perfumes, so that none should be sold to men, at least; and Socrates bitterly complained because the slave and freeman, when perfumed, smelt exactly alike.

From Greece, the use of perfumes travelled to Rome, where it was similarly abused. Thus, it is said that Nero, at the funeral of his wife, Poppaea, used more perfumes than all Arabia then furnished in a whole year. Pliny raised his voice against such excessive use, and under the Consul Licinius Crassus a law was passed restricting the use of perfume substances, so that the churches should not lack. It is amusing to read that Plancus, proscribed by the triumvirs and pursued by their soldiers, took refuge in a cave, but his hiding place was betrayed by the perfume issuing therefrom.

The overthrow of Rome obliterated the commerce of Europe, and perfumes disappeared from the Continent until brought back by the Moors from Arabia. In this latter country, their use had never ceased, and whole districts were devoted to raising flowers for this sole purpose. The "black-eyed houris" of the Koran were not to consist of ordinary flesh and blood, but "of purest musk." The Arabian physician Avicenna, in the tenth century, practised the art of distilling perfumed waters; and in the twelfth century rose water, and possibly others also, was available in large amount, for on the entry of Saladin into Jerusalem, in 1157, the walls of the Mosque of Omar had been previously washed with it.

From the settlements of the Moors, the use of perfumes spread to France, where it soon became general and lavish, reaching its climax at the court of Louis XV., where the royal rooms were perfumed each day with a different odour, and where

it was deemed an act of gallantry for a courtier to use the favourite perfume of the lady he courted, just as the knight carried his lady's colours.

Perfumes are said to have been introduced into England by the Count of Oxford, who brought some from Italy in the fifteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and their use appears to have been carried to extremes there also, for in 1770 the English Parliament passed a law which provided that "any woman, of whatsoever rank, profession, or condition, girl, woman, or widow, who, subsequent to the date of this Act, shall deceive, entice, or influence to marriage any of Her Majesty's subjects by the aid of Perfumes, False Hair, High Heels, shall be subject to the same penalty as that now in force against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared void and of no effect."

To-day the use of perfumes has spread over the world, and has extended to all classes of the community, with a steadily increasing demand. It has given birth to an independent and important industry, regulated mainly, it is true, by fashion and the taste of the consumer, but which nevertheless gives employment to thousands of men, women, and children, urges on the botanists to search for new plants containing odoriferous oils or resins, busies the engineer with devising new machinery for their extraction, and gives to the chemist the fascinating problem of determining the composition of these perfumes and of reproducing or imitating them in his laboratory.

[Adapted.]



COQUETRY.

The blue gum tree looks rather prim,
But yet the wattle smiles at him
She spreads her little skirt of leaves
And dances in the evening breeze.
She dips and curtsies all the while,
And saves for him her charming smile,
While other trees she passes by.
But they all know the reason why.
The gum looks on as pleased can be,
He's quite conceited, you can see.
Of course WE know (HE doesn't yet)—
That wattle tree's a plain coquette.

A Geology Conglomerate.

"It's the same the whole world over,
It's the Doc who gets the fame,
It's the Studes who do the labour,
Isn't it a bleeding shame?"

—Campfire Dirge.

This little dirge contains a philosophy applicable to more than a geology camp. In fact it is unfair to state that the majority of studes view the camp in this light. The week's stay in the wilderness among the burrs, where the temperature is below freezing point, is a novelty and an experience to many, and this year's camp up on Lord John Swamp, Warwick, was no exception.

From the geological standpoint the area is interesting, and appears rather complex to the casual student, but the Doc. and his partner know the area backwards, and any doubts on the student's part were soon set at rest.

The advance party left Brisbane early one morning, and landed in Warwick a few hours after mid-day. With an hour to spare before boarding the Silverwood mail the majority of the party sallied forth to view Warwick.

Comment is superfluous! Warwick is a dusty little place, and about on par with red mud Toowoomba. Strange to relate, most of the little parties all ended up at the same spot—not Allman's, as you would think, but the Bowling Green. It was a treat to watch "Young Rozzer" send them down with the speed of Jack Gregory and the twist of Arthur Mailey. Joe and Mucky were enthralled, and had to be almost dragged back to the train! Perhaps it was Kitty who caused their interest.

Silverwood was reached somewhere near 5 o'clock. Unloading of baggage and a hearty supper followed. The main portion of the party spent the night in the goods shed, whilst others preferred the station's waiting room, or a tent. In the morning the baggage had to be loaded on to the waggon, and the party set out for the final objective some 8 or 9 miles away. The guide was the trusted Bung, but he apparently thought that there was a barrel at the end of the journey, for after covering the

first half mile he was well out of sight. However, by dint of good scout craft, i.e. following the road, the objective was reached about 11 a.m. The commissariat arrived, a few hours later. By 4 p.m. the landscape had a decidedly homely touch about it, and nine tents were ready for occupation. It was a weary party that greeted the rear guard as they rolled up in their "Lizzie," and it was a much wearier crowd that went to bed among the burrs to dream of the feather bed at home.

The first trip was to the famed Mullin's Paddock, where the fossils abound. When the Doc. started to discourse on Eurydesma and her mates Strophalosia and Spirifer the old hands stifled a yawn and tried to look learned, but the Freshers stood amazed and thought that the poor man had been out late and was speaking of young damsels. When he started to knock the rocks about and pick out specimens, their amazement turned to astonishment and they thought another Nicola had arrived!

At night a camp fire lighted up our tented village, and everybody sat round, amusing themselves as best they could.

Saturday saw the party over on the Condamine, looking for Trachypora or gold that was not. The braver performed their ablutions, which up to this time had been rather limited owing to the lack of water. The night again saw the camp fire and the social activities of camp really started. Individual items in the form of songs, recitations, jokes, etc., were the order of the night. Sunday was an off day and one did as one pleased. The more assiduous careered over the distant hills enjoying the scenery, but the majority were to be found at home. At night the party were the guests of our neighbours along the road, and showed that they were versed in jazz as well as in things scientific.

Monday saw us digging up cherty shales and studying faulting, folding and other geological formations as seen in the field. One young person of the weaker sex endeavoured to measure the

line of strike by means of the formula $S = \frac{1}{2} gt^2$, reckoning g at 32, but the time of fall was so short that no watches could be found to record it. The experiment was not repeated. The dinkum oil about Maxwell's ghostly light was also told to many during the morning walk, but whether any of the hearers had nightmare at night the writer is unable to say. At night the social activities were continued around the camp fire. Inter-tent parodies formed the theme. Owing to a misunderstanding there were only four starters, the two women's tents and the two men's. The parodies were quite up to those of former years, and caused much merriment. The adjudicator was hard pressed, and asked for a repeat between the two women's tents for first position, and between the men for third. The camp sleight of hand expert also helped the evening along by puzzling us with card tricks. The general opinion was that he was wasting his time cracking rocks.

Tuesday was perhaps the most interesting day of all, for the party visited the Elbow copper mine, the Warwick marble patch, and the Warwick granite; all these places have been before the public in recent years. The marble patch has been credited by newspapers as near Toowoomba. The surface outcrop is fairly extensive, but the coarseness of the grain, its colour and its position are against profitable working at the present time. Up among the granite are some large waterfalls, but the present dry spell has reduced them to mere trickles.

At night the studes were hosts to our neighbours, and to a party of visitors from Warwick; the occasion was marked by a fancy dress and jazz band carnival. Camp is a place where latent ideas come forth, and the costumes at night were a revelation. Maxwell's ghost, a Scottish chief, a blushing bride and an Egyptian lady were adjudged to be the pick of the bunch. Others represented the Vikings, Esquimaux, Angels, Scouts, Bakers, etc. One tent sallied forth as a Highland band. The writer has doubts about the Scotties' declaration that it was not cold. The jazz bands were real and original, and the

instruments ranged from violins and wash-up dishes to kazoos and vertebrae of dead cows. The bands were judged by the suitability of their jazz music for dancing, which took place on the dusty sward. Our Nicola and our songsters also lent a willing hand to pass away the hours.

Wednesday was our last day in camp, and in consequence the trip was short, Mullin's paddock being the rendezvous. The party lunched at home, and after lunch prepared to pack. The night was spent idly. Some of the party returned to Warwick, while others lounged around the fire or turned in. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of midnight one was awakened by the sound of running feet, and the hushed buzz of human voices. Suddenly a voice: "Come on, get up, the raid is on." What followed in the next few hours will go down in camp history. It appears that the right flank had started an offensive against the centre and left flank. In the midst of the fray one perceived the Scottish chief dealing out death to all and sundry. The attacked reformed their lines of communication and held a hurried council of war. However, no counter attack was made, so the sentries were withdrawn. By the light of day the battle area looked pretty woebegone, but official communiques stated that there were no casualties.

Reveille was at 5 a.m., and breakfast at 7, and by 10 the camp was broken and the party on the road to Warwick.

Many humorous incidents occurred in camp, but space is limited. Who can answer where the pineapple and rations went to? Perhaps they vanished like Nicola's ducks at the theatre. Then the camp romances. These gave much amusement to the "also rans." The Romeos and Juliets made hay while the sun shone, and we were blessed with the whole issue of love, courtship, marriage, and divorce in the short space of a week. However, everything was not honey and sugar, for one day our hearts nearly stopped—Romeo had left Juliet for good. But by nightfall everything was again normal, and our pent up feelings were let loose in three hearty cheers for the blushing pair, and every

other pair that happened along. At night the camp's sky pilot was to unite the happy Romeos and Juliets. Two unwilling pairs were safely negotiated, but the bridegroom for the third ceremony suddenly remembered an engagement elsewhere and left his Juliet rather hurriedly. How could you Joe!

Before concluding these notes the writer would like to record the camp's appreciation of our chaperone's supper party.

Thanks "Cec." You are a sport.

ANDESITE.

THE SONG.

The cold, white moon has silvered all the hill;
And soft, a song
Creeps down the wind,
And sighs along
The vale to find
An answer—but the vale is still.

It is a plaintive song, a lonely song,
Played by wind-fingers
On pine-harps tall;
The music lingers,
As its sweet call
Goes seeking, seeking, all night long.

—N.E.R.

— THE —

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AGENCIES IN ALL TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE STATE

JOHN A. WATSON, Commissioner

Confessions of a Bad Man.

Open confession, it has been said, is good for the soul but bad for the reputation. The real facts of the matter are, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, quite the reverse. The conscience in its customary state of apathetical languor imagines itself unable to support unaided a secret that is unduly onerous, and dreams in its folly that the burden is lightened when the secret is shared. In other words, it is a source of the greatest delight to us to succeed in placing our troubles on other people's shoulders; nothing is so comforting as the knowledge that others are afflicted with the same pain, mental or physical, as that under which we labour ourselves. The singular joy we experience in the misfortunes of our friends relieves our own sorrows. The spectacle of a soul unhampered by worry and free from the onus of a troubling secret arouses in us a demon of jealousy who seldom sleeps; we burn in our envy to disturb rudely the serenity of this being whose freedom from such cares we so ardently desire. We approach; we hesitate, perhaps, a moment, to break a peace that we would prize so highly were it ours; we smile at our weakness, and confide. And so it is done. Having no cares of his own, those of others perturb him; the tiny cloud on the horizon threatens to become a storm that will overwhelm his pleasure craft, for the sight of misery in others, though delectable and mirth-provoking, always awakens in us the recognition that we are ourselves subject to the same mishaps. Lively apprehensions are his henceforth; we smile at our success and retire, while the little demon also smiles and composes himself to sleep, knowing his dominion over us now has even securer foundation than before.

The above is, of course, assault premeditated; it is not always thus. There are to be found some weak-minded people who would shrink from an act such as I have described; these are the unconscious, or rather the unintentional, disturbers of the peace. Their mind refuses to support any longer the strain that reserve would

impose on it. A peculiar hysteria takes possession of them; they **must** speak. Even did the confession work their ruin, silence were nevertheless a burden too great to be borne. Like that of the criminal in Edgar Poe's story, their tongues would articulate in spite of themselves. All this would be but a subject for the sincerest commiseration did their confessions concern themselves alone; unhappily this is not so. They are afflicted with the gift of tongues. A loquacity that knows few limits is their bane. They possess in the highest degree that simian garrulity, which, in addition to their other failings, was once the idiosyncrasy of the fair sex alone, but which now is rapidly becoming characteristic of both sexes.

aetas parentum peior avis tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosiore.

Thus is Horace like every man to-day. We still have the same slogan, we still believe the same old tradition: we are not what our fathers were. In spite of this, every one will agree that the modern tendency towards gossip in every form is unprecedented in any age.

In the future, undoubtedly, the task of finding a treatment for this disease will exercise the faculties of the most eminent alienists. When the Council of Ten presided over the fortunes of Venice many and various were the antidotes in use; to-day, unfortunately, the art has been lost.

We must admit then that this confiding of secrets and troubles is due in the main to one of two causes,—to a pernicious and reprehensible desire to disturb the peace of others, or to that noxious disease which is becoming so widely prevalent. It appears evident that the defence of such a custom, based on the grounds that it eases the soul, holds very little water. On the contrary, *ex humili potens*, fathered by base motives, it is to be most strongly deprecated.

The statement that it produces a deleterious effect on the reputation becomes mere nonsense if viewed from the correct

angle; if it affected the reputation in any way it would enhance it. There is no one but doubts a man who confesses to have been a roue in his youth; it is a confession made with apparent reluctance, but the power of making it with honesty would afford us all the deepest satisfaction. This anomaly is in all probability caused by the belief that every woman desires to become possessed of a man whose notorious past will throw an added lustre on her, trusting that in the reflected glory of his splendid presence she may be permitted to bask contented, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." This undeniably well-founded belief thus proves a mixed blessing, for a man's claim to what every other man desires to possess is given but scant consideration. In like manner people are chary of putting a child-like faith in the word of a person who reveals a lurid past that is specially unsavoury, for they conceive it not in human nature to admit anything that might injure one's well-being. Accordingly they read the notice sceptically, confide to their friends that there's a catch somewhere, and retreat still doubting.

I am quite convinced that everyone will unhesitatingly subscribe to the opinions I have expressed. Confessions, we have seen, are in general but the expression of some of our lower instincts, and for this reason many worthy people would have few qualms in agitating for their removal from the procedure of polite society as laid down by present convention. It is to be feared that this drastic step would most certainly prove abortive, since confessions are an epidemic that will take some time to die out. This disease assumes various forms, some simple, some complex—the modern autobiography and memoirs are but offshoots from this deadly nightshade; *pro curia inversique mores!* However, let us use such confessions to the best advantage while they are with us; let us employ them with caution and due restraint, so that with practice we may succeed in raising our social status, and in lowering that of our rivals, being always subtle in self-glorification and moderate in abuse of others, that an air of plausibility may be imparted unto our words

—Q.E.D.

—**—

AVALOL.

Every day your memories stray,
To exams when Profs. their havoc play;
And when the week approaches,
Your heart it hath reproaches,
For two short terms that seemed to fade
away.

Listen!

Don't pin your faith in alcohol,
And booze away;
You'll find the fumes of alcohol,
Will come to stay.
Though then you dream of alcohol,
From dusk till dawn,
Think now that you will chuck it all,
E'en though forlorn.

If still you feel the wretched strain,
That presses hard upon your feverish
brain,
And when the pain is galling,
You feel the sudden calling,
Of alcohol, your dear beloved, again.

Remember!

If stew vac. came in alcohol,
It would not stay;
The vac. would seem the shortest time,
And sail away;
And though you dreamed of alcohol,
To hunt a fear,
Best find some grit to dare it all,
Sans e'en one beer.

URGER.

EPITAPH.

In memory of poor old G—
Who went to the Morgue for tea,
And was quite overcome
By the terrible hum
Of an ancient defunct stingaree.

P.O.E.

Wrinkles.

I have given much thought to this subject, and, I must confess, it is one that has often caused me the deepest anxiety and perturbation. The wrinkles I deal with are those generally regarded as facial blemishes; I touch not upon wrinkles as understood by some to mean hints or advice.

The phrenologist will tell us that character may be read by the conformation of the skull; to others, the eyes are the mirrors of the soul; for others again the character is denoted by the general expression, and in this wrinkles play no mean part. Wrinkles on the forehead are invariably misleading. Beholding a man of venerable aspect, of studious mien, of bowed shoulders, and forehead thickly scored with horizontal lines, we exclaim, "Behold a student!" whereas in reality those deep-cut furrows are the result of that supercilious lift of the eyebrows so much in favour among professors and members of the medical fraternity as an effective method of reproof to presumptuous questioners; they may even be caused by the continual removal and replacement of pince-nez. Such causes, being so often the obviously correct ones, are generally entirely overlooked, and to the possessor of a corrugated brow we impute the possession of learning also. Such wrinkles may occasionally denote the thinker, but as criteria they are no more to be trusted than beauty. At the same time the smooth unwrinkled forehead too often marks the imbecile or moron. Being wise in our generation, and desirous of submission on the part of our wives unto our admittedly superior intellectual attainments, we naturally choose a woman who thinks even less than the majority of her sex, and take as our partner a damsel of ingenuous countenance, and brow as fair and smooth as a billiard ball. Women, obedient to their lords, affirm themselves quite in accord with this, and endeavour with a high degree of success to maintain an admirable blankness of mind as complete as is compatible with sanity. We must admit, though, that suavity of con-

tour and purity of outline, typified by the circle and ellipse, are charms that would be damaged irredeemably by wrinkles, while a Blue Stocking among women is something that excites not pity nor yet ridicule, but a mixture of the two; it reminds us of a hen trying to swim.

Then there are the vertical lines between the brows, generally regarded as typifying bad temper, but more often than not peculiar to those given to fits of abstraction, or as the French would say, of *recueillement*. I have heard it maintained that no man is wholly lost who has around his eyes that fine network of tiny wrinkles, criss-crossing each other, which some say denotes humour; with this they rank what they call the humorous twitch at the corners of the mouth, heartlessly characterised by others as the involuntary gesticulations of St. Vitus' Dance.

The precise significance of the two deeply-scored lines from either side of the nose to the corners of the mouth is uncertain. Worry, some assert, is responsible; this may be, but it is equally true that a continual display of the ivory is productive of the same result. Lawyers, it will be found on observation, generally possess these lines; unrestrained voluptuaries and libertines also bear on their faces such marks of their excesses.

Then there are wrinkles on some face, maybe, that we have helped to define more sharply—fine wrinkles on faces like pale old ivory, fragrant as lavender, inexpressibly dear. These we would not wish removed. There are many, too, on hands, transparent, toil-worn, and blue veined, the more precious because of them. Such wrinkles are chains forged by time and the fairies, binding us tighter.

Wrinkles appear, or rather exist, in unexpected places; some are invisible, others unblushingly affront the public eye; some are concealed by clothes and art, others are made the more apparent by such. Presumably those referred to in a rather coarse saying current some time ago: "Well, when you've all filled your wrinkles, I vote we get a move on"—are

not ones that are the outward and visible signs of an inward and physical satisfaction; they are esoteric indicators.

Nearly every woman has a hatred for wrinkles of any kind; they are to her the first few of Time's messengers announcing in low but unmistakable tones that her reign of beauty is passing. Many women spend more time over their wrinkles than over their babies. All the art of the beauty specialist with her creams is requisitioned to help ward off, be it for never so short a

time, the insidious advance of age. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity. True! Let women resign themselves, for Time is kind to those who have not abused his gifts, but cruel to whomsoever shall withstand his approach by the aid of the rouge pot, nor indeed may he be hindered; it is only true during his first attacks that

"Little grains of powder, little dabs of paint,
Make a woman's wrinkles look as though
they ain't."

Q.E.D.



ON WISE DRINKING.

Being a disconnected homily delivered to the writer, when a callow youth, by a "swag-gie" of mature aspect and sophisticated mien, who asked for, and got, a "lift" along a certain very hot and dusty bush road.

(With veiled apologies to Bret Harte).

Dan! That's my name,
Don't ask what's the rest.
When a man's at this game,
His name is no test
Of his qualifications to swallow
A gallon or two of the best.

Beer! Strike me pink!
I've drunk in my time
Many species of drink;
And now, in my prime,
(I'm seventy-two come November)
I know the best drink for this
clime.

Dry! Look here lad,
I've been on the track
When the drought was so bad
That me tongue swelled up black,
And I hadn't a drink for a fortnight
—Me swag weighed a ton on me
back.

Hot! spare me days!
I've "humped it" out West
In the sizzling hot blaze
Of the sun at his best;
When the heat drives a feller half
crazy—
The dust and the flies do the rest.

Often I've drunk
When "pushed" for a drink
From holes that I've sunk
Not stopping to think

That the ooze that I scooped at was
rotten
—You know, son, how dead bul-
locks stink!

Sick? Are you lad?
I won't tell the worst;
You'll guess that I've had
For allayin' my thirst
Some fairly atrocious concoctions—
The stuff that I've guzzled and
cursed!

Life? What is life?
It's secrets are hid.
—But men in the strife
All do what I did
Each time that I filled my old billy
And scooped the scum off the lid!
Well, as I've said
I've drunk many drinks;
From water that's dead
And heavy with stinks,
To Moet and Hock that is sparkling,
The bright beaded bubble that
winks.

...All drinks on earth,
From far and near,
In sorrow and mirth,
In company queer,
And out on the track with Matilda..
—Yet none of them pleases like
beer.

Beer! That's its name!
I reckon a man
That don't drink the same
Whenever he can—
He ought to wear skirts, he's a
woman!
—And that's the opinion of Dan!
—INKY.

'Varsity Vanities.

TO A GARTER.

Let prudes condemn thee, Garter, flashing
bright
And tinselled in thy silken ecstasy,
Soft posed and ever fair in all men's sight.
Let prudes condemn the gently curved knee
That thou adornest with thy fragrant folds
Of flower-embroidered riband; let them frown!
Despite their contumely, thy elastic holds
And stops the Holeproof stocking slipping
down.

Smile on, rebellious garter, take no heed
Of hooting owls and barking dogs and all,
To rounded calf thou art a present need;
For should suspender snap, the hose must
fall.

Besides, thou keep'st the stocking's seam in
place,

And well deservest men should see thy face.

—BELLADONNA.

—o—

TO——

O thou wert fair and wert my soul's delight,
My comfort in distress, my chiefest joy;
Thou lendedst charm and glamour to the
night,

And still'dst the heartache of the day's an-
noy.

Thine alabaster body, baby soft,
Vibrant in youth and vernal subtlety
Close to my heart, full many a time and oft
Was closely pressed in passion's ecstasy.
And oh! the yearnings in my heart to feel
Again my lips upon thee, breathe thy breath
Of pearl and fragrant silver, and to steal
A last and long-held eloquent kiss of death.
But thou art gone! Ah! no! I'll have thee
yet!

"Say, Costa, sixpence; Capstan cigarette!"

—BELLADONNA.

—o—

TO MARIE.

Marie—with the sparkling eyes,
Marie—with the dancing feet,
Let us make a compromise:
You may take my heart as prize
For one kiss, soft, sweet.

Marie—with the merry face,
Marie—laughing all the while,
You will all my homage earn,
If you'll give me in return
One swift, happy, smile.

Marie—with the red, red lips,
Marie—slim and sweet and small,
If you'll not give smile or kiss,
What I warn you then is this—
I shall take you all.

—N.E.R.

AN UTTERANCE.

To die! All the yearnings of a pent-up soul
Are come to this.

Sad music fills the leaden atmosphere,
And I, like to Prometheus feel bound
To earth, which all my senses ache to leave
behind,

That my sad soul may sink to sweet oblivion
Wrapt in the dew of evening.

Heaven! Providence! God! Ah! but let
me go,

No more to think.

Mad, wild, ecstatic strains are tearing all
My heart-strings. Oh! the deathful dance
Presided o'er by ghouls; strange fascination!
I trip, I twirl, I fly fantastically.

Mad, merry death, 'tis thee I court

Come, dance with me.

Ghouls, madder, merrier, shrieks—oh!

—o—

THE FATE OF THE "KNUT."

"It is said that the 'knut' is dying out.
Censure and ridicule have been hurled against
him, and in America an Anti-Effeminacy
League has been started. Bobbing the hair,
low collars and powdering the face are some
of the things for which the League imposes
special fines."—"Daily Mail."

Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam! (though you don't
give a damn),

Sure 'tis cruel and heartless you've been:
You've robbed those poor guys of forget-me-
not ties.

On low collars you're not at all keen.

You've denied them the joy of a waist-coat
de sole

(Even powder in New York's taboo),
And to wear maroon socks with vermilion
clocks

Is a thing only dared by a few.

Bob your hair! Bob your hair! was the cry
over there

In New York but a short time ago;

Uncle Sam, you stepped in, 'mid the joy and
the din,

And you've spread dire disorder and woe.

Now hair is cut short, plain pyjamas are
sought

At th' expense of the jazz-coloured stock;
And no pink socks are seen, but a modest
demean-

Our stamps those who parade on the
"Block."

Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam! (though you don't
give a damn)

'Tis one-sided you are. It's a shame!

If coquettes bob their hair, turn dark into
fair,

Why the h—ll can't the knut do the same?

—BENO.

NOCTURNE.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And old South Brisbane's City Hall was well
 Illuminated for the show. Balloons
 And streamers coloured all fantastical
 Were hung, pagoda-like, about the walls
 Of monotone. Admission ten and six!
 Ive's Band the music! All was rose and gold,
 Fair Mrs. Brown wore satin grenadine,
 Embroidered bodice and tulle cape, with shoes
 To match, a brilliant spectacle (at least
 The "Mail" said so and it should surely know).
 Her better half—she
 won't agree with
 that—
 Resplendent in a ruddy
 whiskey nose
 (The "Courier" forget
 to state the fact),
 Jazzed madly with his
 wife. Miss Smith
 was there
 In loose cut frock of
 shimmering apple
 green.
 Festoons of ripening
 grapes hung at the
 waist,
 With georgette panels,
 hemstitched, eau de
 nil,
 And spangled orange
 ribbon round her
 brow;
 A vision for the gods
 — they're colour
 blind—
 (The "Standard" told
 us this in confidence).
 Miss Araminta Blobs
 (from Camooweal),
 Looked chic in satin
 garters blue and
 gold.
 With ostrich feather
 decorations and
 An artificial cabbage
 at the bow.
 (The daily press
 would blush to mention this.
 How do we know? We saw it and the "Pink
 'Un"
 Told us too!)

The night was rose and silver; soft moon-
 beams
 Embraced the heavy scented scene and shed
 Romance and glamour everywhere. And Ives
 Excelled himself. Cacophonous kazoo
 And tinkling cymbal mingled music sounds,
 And with the fiddle's soothing amorous notes
 And pipe and tabor's searching resonance,
 Gave birth to passion. Eyes looked love and
 arms
 Gripped tighter round the waist. The passion
 born,



The trumpet's blare and strong bronze tones
 of bells
 Made food for it. And all was riot love!
 And as the haunting strains of "Kiss a Miss"
 Caressing stole into the hearts of all,
 While multi-coloured lamps lit bright the
 room
 Made brighter by the fire of flashing eyes,
 Above the band's high notes, and far above
 The sound of rhythmic gliding feet, above
 The dulcet murmurings of love, there split

The laden air a sudden
 fearful shriek
 Of anguish terrible to
 contemplate
 A vast blood-curdling
 shriek!

You know that bar
 Of "Hold me just a
 little tighter"? Yes.
 You know how eyes
 shine soft and mirror
 love,

As "In your loving
 arms" breaks on the
 ears,

The prosy world's for-
 got, and all is lost
 In th' amorous ecstasy
 of wonder jazz.

You know how senses
 reel, how music
 floats

Into your soul, and
 sets the heart aflame.

So, just as "In your
 loving arms" broke
 forth

The arms grew closer
 and the grip more
 tight—

And then the tragedy
 occurred; the sound
 Of tearing silk and
 long resounding snap
 Stung the night air;
 and followed ever
 fast

The long heart-rending shriek we've told
 above.

Oh, Reader! Spare our blushes. Let us be!
 Ask not the tale of what had come to her
 To make her shriek and grab in anguished
 dread.

Ask not how she was hurried out; from where
 The safety pins and whatnots came; and how
 And where they were disposed. Our picture
 here

May help to solve the puzzle. Ask not now
 How she returned 'ere long, clad in all smiles:
 (And other things, of course!) how then arose
 The voice of jubilation echoing long
 "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"

BELLADONNA.

HIC! HIC! HIC!

(A Fresher's Lament).

Hic! Hic! Hic!
 As I pass thro' the tap-room door,
 And I long for the day that is dawning
 When I shall drink no more.

O well for the revellers within
 As they gargle and gurgle with ease.
 Alas for me as I stand outside
 And sway in the gentle breeze.

And the seasoned drinkers pass
 To their haven in the Domain,
 But O for that shandy—half-and-half,
 That has floated up to my brain.

Hic! Hic! Hic!
 My feet, they are far too small,
 And the stairs that lead to my place of rest
 Ne'er again may they seem so tall.

—o—

SHE—AT LAST!

Beneath the pale stars' light she came to him
 And told of how her thoughts had turned
 from all things tending to frivolity—
 Such things as she had practised to amuse
 her mind.
 But now her playing at another's cost had
 recoiled on herself.

She spoke of how her jesting ceased to cause
 The satisfaction it was wont to do,
 And how, reflecting what her actions meant,
 She had resolved to be more kind to him
 whom formerly she pleased to tease.
 (Alas! those teasings which she lightly put
 aside
 Had often caused a riot more tumultuous
 than the sea
 Within the mind of much-abused He).

Sobbing, she asked forgiv'ness for her past
 disdain
 Of him who held her dear above all else.
 Hers not to know the pangs of anguish, past.
 His but to comfort her distressed soul.
 Thus did she recompense him for her actions
 gay.
 He, overjoyed that it was so, drew close to
 her,
 And silent in his arms she quietly lay.

—"HE."

—o—

VIDESNE.

The lecturer thinks the undergrad,
 When he reads his author with a crib,
 Is really not a brilliant lad,
 Though brilliant with translations glib.
 And Prof? He thinks a silly ass—
 (One such as I?)—can't hope to pass.
 A load of hay is what he needs.
 Yet spare the tale of his misdeeds.

—NECKOR.

THE UNDERGRADEAR.

(With apologies to Undergrad's "The Undergradess" in "Galmahra," August, 1922.)

Dear Undergrad:
 You wrote your lines from life, no doubt,
 But still I think your aspect out.
 Since I don't see with lover's eyes
 Forgive me if I criticise.

"Sprightly and happy she trips along"
 You say; but "Undergrad," you're wrong.
 She doesn't trip—she lifts her feet,
 Nor shrinks from showing ankles neat.

"In she floats to the lecturer's lair"
 (And grossly libels his lack of hair).
 "Her pencil breaks." Says she, "What luck!
 'Twill save me writing all this—lecture."

"That blushing studē" who saw her plight
 And offered a pencil to set her right
 Was paid with, "Thanks. How glad I am."
 But 'neath her breath she mutters—"My
 luck's in."

The lecture o'er she flees the room
 And slams the door like the crack of Doom.
 —"During the lectures I sleep so well,
 I fear my results will be all to—l'enfer."

Outside you say she meets her man;
 "Undergrad"—were you an "also ran?"
 You left him pacing her steps with skill—
 I guess they're fagged if they're walking still.

Postscript:
 Sir "Undergrad"uate Galahad,
 A bad attack you've surely had.
 Yet, if you're peeved at what I've said,
 Just wait till May, then go ahead
 And castigate

NECKOR.

—o—

AU PRINTEMPS.

The sun shone
 Brightly;
 In the trees
 The birds sang blithely;
 The air was filled with the drowsy murmur
 Of the bees.
 Exquisite
 Was the harmony of the sounds of Nature.
 In the new-mown hay
 She sat, at ease;
 She,
 All alone,
 With naught to disturb her. . . .
 Suddenly,
 An air of disquietude—
 A sense of impending cataclysm;
 A startled cry,
 Shrieks, heart-rending, with a mingled note
 of triumph.
 Rudely broken
 The peace, which before had been.
 A hasty flight, wings a-whirr. . . .
 Fresh egg!

—M.N.

Dear Editor,—The graduate in many ways is up-to-date. But what I really want to know is if he has a better show in things outside his flash degree, than simple undergrads like me, who think their studies awful bore an'd like to consign them evermore to—well, you know. Yet, tell me this. Does B.Sc. teach how to kiss the damsel at the Uni. Ball in such a way she's bound to call for more? If so, a B.Sc. is what I surely aim to be. Has all Zoology ever let a microbe be a household pet? You say me nay; then let me go to where the darker waters flow. The studies of the Engineer, no doubt will bring him bread and beer in years to come; but can he think what causes Breakfast Creek to stink? Or tell me, if I'm not a bore, just why did Oliver ask for more? Don't tell me "Dickens only knows," for I would say "Of course he does." Dear Editor, you surely see why I won't be Neckor, B.E. A chap of my inquisitive parts finds balm amidst

somnolent Arts. At one thing though I'm just first-rate—I've learned at last how to translate from Horace, Vergil, of from Plaut.; and this is how to set about. Select eight lines that look obscure. Those lines called "Videsne" are sure to suit as ones on which to pin your thoughts. They're written here within. Just read them through and see what's meant—on what the author's mind is bent. Now read them through another way and shew their inner meaning. Pray, after the second word, line one, a comma place—the thing is done. Next just read lines 3, 4 and 2, giving each its proper due. Then 5. and 7, 6 and 8. (Don't worry, sir, to punctuate). So now you see the meaning I have tried to bring beneath your eye? Now hold! enough! Youth only leads a newer dance ere old age pleads to find its rest when days are done. To this epistle, name add none.—save

NECKOR.



On Growing Old.

To grow old gracefully—how beautiful, how comfortable does it sound! Ah! We feel, when (in the indefinite future) we begin to grow old, we shall not bemoan our fate, nor begrudge the young their joyous youth, but take an inconspicuous seat, and so pass smoothly from this life.

But consider a moment, and the dream is shattered—we imagine a vain thing. For who will admit that he is old? The distant horizon, after the manner of horizons, will remain distant no matter how we move towards it. To the fresherette, twenty-five is senile decay; the lecturer is convinced that the prof. is in the same pitiful condition, and the profs. will tell you that the Senate is tottering on the brink of the grave. The truth is that we are all old, and the sooner we become resigned to our fate the better.

After frivolously passing through four years at a University, the writer feels that his years are becoming oppressive; he notes with horror the worst symptoms of this universal malady. Things are not what they were; the giants of our time are passing away. On gazing round a general meeting; on observing the peaceful

demeanour of the freshers at lectures; or on listening in vain for the language that once blistered the calsomine of the drawing office, he is filled with a melancholy conviction that the 'Varsity is going to the dogs. Even the respectful bearing that the young men very properly show in his presence is objectionable—surely we did not thus bow the knee to those very ordinary people whom pure accident put in their fourth years! O tempora! O mores!

And to confirm these suspicions as to approaching age, how the manner of these same freshers changes if one forgets for a moment the load of years on his shoulders, and prances in the Common Room or performs military evolutions during the lunch hour. The fortunate young find it strains their polite deference to conceal the contemptuous suspicion they feel towards these antics. Where, they seem to say, is the dignity these reverend gentlemen should possess? How can the natural order of things continue if the aged and infirm make these painful attempts at buffoonery?

And so do we, too, feel towards them who have passed on; so no doubt



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does the grandfather consider the great grandfather. We are all old—let us bravely face the fact, and apply the philosophy of the Survey Room—alas, that is should be so, but it is. Not only with seconds of are, but with seconds of time; with moments as with bending moments; we cannot escape the facts. Why, the very words we chanted on Commem. Day, that will by the Grace of God and the Prof. be chanted anon to us, convey the general attitude—

“Now they’re giving place to new men
Praise them then to-day.”

They are getting out; they have finished their course; what matters it if they have fought a good fight, it is our turn now.

So, brothers, let us set out from our cradles firmly resolved that we are old, and that we have all the stupid prejudices and irritating habits we see in our fathers which they no doubt, feel vividly in the previous generations. Let us never be reminiscent, but with our fellows in fears. Who wants to know how we tied a dog to the prof's. table or earthenware to the lamp-post?—rather would they be urged to new feats of their own. And if we are tempted to think that the fresher is not what he was, visualise our indignation if anyone suggested that the fourth year is not what it was. So will the problem be solved, and so will we all grow old together, and so far as nature has endowed us, grow old gracefully.

“HANKS.”



BUSH ROADS.

They're narrow, rough, uneven, o'er stony
hill and hollow;
Sometimes they're winding in and out, again
they're hard to follow;
And then you strike a straight road, that hits
the skyline clear,
And you follow it unswerving, yet don't seem
to get more near;
Sometimes they're only cow-tracks, but a sure
path all the same,
For the wanderer trailing onwards, at the
end gets a welcome home;
Something they lead to vale and gorge,
bushrangers' forts of old,
And they bring wild memories of Thunder-
bolt, Starlight, and the Kellys' hold;

Sometimes they're covered with dust and
sand, when the drought hangs o'er the
plain,
Another time they're deep with mud, when the
creek's a banker from rain.
And when the Spring is coming with its
vagrant, vernal breeze,
They're alive with dancing shadow forms
from the sunlight thro' the trees.
And thus the old tracks silently thread the
mazes of the bush,
And see each day as it passes away, from
dawn to the evening hush;
And tho' passers are few, and months are
long, in their memories they're not alone;
For each old road for some wanderer, is the
trail that leads to home.



NOSTALGIA.

The wild things lie in shelter of the trees
In quiet doze. All round the mighty bush
Lies great and calm, with just a little breeze
To wake its murmur'ing sleep song, and to
hush
Its children deeper yet in fearless sleep.

Its charm is vague and faint, yet ever there;
It haunts me, bush bred, who have left and
come
Down to the city's ceaseless noise and glare.
“Come back,” it softly calls; its myriad tones
Of trees and creatures, and great Nature's
self

Joining in harmony. My spirit goes
To tear the city's life from out my soul
And go, free, glad, and strong, back to my
bush,
Till all the sands of life have slipped away
And I pass on to the Eternal Day.

And so I breathe a little prayer alone,
“Oh, guide me ever back again to thee
And help me, Nature, who art God's own self,
To live my life joyful and good and free.”
To live my life joyful and clean and free.”

—SPARKPLUG.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, "Galmahra."

Most Esteemed Old Cobber,—You are the one rock of steadfastness to which the sinking mariner can cling distressfully as he drowns in the Sea of Ignorance. You and your worthy henchmen, in other words, alone can supply the spiritual food to satisfy the starving Graduate's hunger for news of the Old Home.

Well do you do it, and eagerly have I consumed your pabulum during the many moons which have elapsed since my setting forth from the Earthly Paradise situated at the upper end of George street, between the Kisog and the Green Domain.

Yet there remain many questions bursting from my impatient soul—questions to which my heart pants for an answer, "as pants the hart for cooling streams."

With great perturbation, therefore, I set them forth in order, praying that you will relieve my mental anguish by answering some or all of them:—

(1) Are any students feeling anxious about the coming exam.?

(2) Do the profs. still smirk knowingly and cunningly as November draws nigh?

(3) Do Professor Stable and Professor Alcock intend to give all their students M's. this year, as a token of thanksgiving to the Senate? (and, a fortiori, the Lord?) or, (4) Do they intend to offer up a burnt sacrifice of innocent lambs to atone for their unrighteousness?

(5) Has Walter developed in any other way than by enlarging his family circle and his girth?

(6) Is the cricket club still disgracing itself and the 'Varsity by childish squabbling?

(7) Does the Senate, having persuaded the Government to pass a University Site Bill, intend now to rest from its strenuous labours, and let another ten years go by before beginning to get the new home built?

(8) Is Dr. Stewart well enough versed in Roman jurisprudence to know the legal

redress open to a Patrician when a Plebian's shadow falls on and contaminates his Patron's poodle?

(9) Are 'Varsity women still divided into two classes—the senseless who fag, and the senseless who smoke fags?

(10) Are the C.U., the Hockey Club, and the L.B.T.D.A. still confined exclusively to women?

(11) Is it true that Matric. will not be celebrated next year owing to the High Cost of Chalk?

(12) Are quorums still recruited from the Domain dossers who lunch on the Men's Common Room verandah and lawn?

(13) If the answers to all the preceding questions are in the affirmative, what's to be done about it?

and, (14), Who's going to do it?

Yours very anxiously,

SENEX DOCILIS.

To the Editors, "Galmahra."

Sirs,—There are a few little acts of courtesy at this 'Varsity which are becoming more and more neglected, and though they cannot be dealt with singly, there is one to which I would especially refer. Cannot the students of Arts and Science be persuaded to observe the time-honoured custom of removing their headal and pedal apparel before entering the Temple of Engineering? The "uncouth" greasers never fail in their observances—noblesse oblige—they always wear a gas mask to the Biology Morgue—I am, etc.,

T.

To the Editors, "Galmahra."

Sirs,—In the August, 1921, issue of "Galmahra," it was announced that all the back numbers of the Magazine had been collected. Having a great love for things antique, and desirous of seeing the wonderful collection, after much inquiry

and search I recently discovered it adorning a remote and dingy corner of a room in St. John's, in a bookcase made of one whole soap-box, instead of in the strong-room I had imagined. Needless to say, they were not bound!

May I urge upon the Union Council the immediate necessity of binding these priceless records of literary effort and student history, before they once more become scattered to the four winds. From 1911 to 1920 there were six volumes (Vol. 4 consists of one number and Vol. 6 of twelve!), which, on account of the great slenderness of some issues, could easily be bound with their covers in 3 vols.; the cost would not be prohibitive.

There are probably others who would like to see these magazines, but they cannot be made available in their present loose condition.—I am, etc.,

P.O.E.

—o—
To the Editors, "Galmahra."

Sir,—With your kind permission I should like to bring before the notice of the Sports Union Committee a few matters which, I think, ought to be considered by them.

It is, at present, necessary for members of the Boat Club to pay an extra guinea for admission to the club, which itself is a constituent body of the Sports Union, and there is no clause in the constitution of the latter which deals with the use of monies so acquired. The money is really an extra subscription to the Boat Club, and should be kept

in a separate fund, and not put into the General Fund to help defray the expenses of the other clubs. Such a fund should then be used to defray expenses of the Boat Club, over and above those which the S.U. Committee considers to be on a par with those incurred by the other clubs.

Another matter arises from the anomalous position of the Cricket Club. This club with a membership approximately equal to that of the Boat Club has, of latter years, incurred expenses as big as, if not bigger than, those incurred by the Boat Club. But whereas the latter have to pay two guineas for membership, the former have only to pay one guinea.

In the light of these facts, therefore, it seems only reasonable that membership of the Cricket Club should be on a par with that of the Boat Club, and involve the payment of an extra guinea. Then the position arises that a member of the Boat Club who is also a member of the Cricket Club would have to pay three guineas. But this can be obviated by making the extra guinea allow of membership to both clubs and also provision made for this in such a Reserve Fund as I have suggested.

In conclusion, these matters, involving as they do radical changes in the constitution, should be brought forward by the committee of the Sports Union and therefore as a member of the Sports Union I now bring these matters before them.

I am, Yours, etc.,

F. C. BENNETT.

—**—
ECLIPSE.

Still was the air, and silence on the ground
Brooded intense; for darkness grew apace,
And haggard lines appeared on every face
In that small band of watchers gathered
 round,
Who scarcely dared to utter breath or sound
Lest that be deemed irreverence to One
Who overwhelmed with darkness God the
 Sun.
And then came moving blackness at a bound,

While yet the mind was dazzled with the
 whirl
Of shadows rushing weirdly in the air;
And from behind the blackness shone a
 pearl,
Illumining the sky with jewelled glare,
And colours such as mortal never saw—
—Whilst man, a thing of nought, gazed on
 in awe.

—"INKY."

THE WRITER.

I write my life across the Page of Time,
Set in the Book of Fate. Childlike, at first
I kept along the lines ruled clear and straight
By parent hands; but with impetuous youth
I cast aside restraint of rule, and soon
The page was blotted, and the careless pen
Scrawled out a hundred foolish thoughts and
words
And deeds, that in their thoughtlessness knew
but
Confusion. With the scorn of those who read
There came the shame of such a work; in vain
I tried to clean those lines indelible
From my poor page. And then I vowed that I
No more with careless hand should spoil the
work,
But keep to rule and line. . . . But I am tired,
And 'tis so hard to keep the writing straight
And spotless. Still I write with faltering pen,
And still I fail, and vow, and fail again.

—N.E.R.

TREASURE.

Some boast of wealth, of silver, and of gold.
And some of wondrous stones and jewels
rare.
I, too, am rich: I boast because I hold
A greater wealth than these—your golden
hair.
Mine the sweet richness of your sil'ry voice
That sounds like merry little bells. I prize,
More than the common jewels of their choice,
The diamonds sparkling in your laughing
eyes.
And antiques, quaint and carved ivory white
They show; but I have more than these.
Uncouth
And dull they seem when you flash on my
sight,
Carved perfect by the happy hand of youth.
I am not envious of their gems and gold;
I am content with all the wealth I hold.

—N.E.R.

A WISH.

When I am dead, if you but let me lie
Where the tall gum tree stands as sentinel
Against the golden splendour of the sky,
If you but place me there, all will be well.
I'll not be lonely, for at night the breeze
Will croon above a soothing, sleepy, song
As each soft breath goes stirring through the
leaves.
With these around me, night will ne'er seem
long,
Nor must you grieve for me, nor I for you
As gone, forever gone beyond recall.
If what men say of life and death be true
Death's the beginning, not the end of all.
This do I tell myself, but yet I know
When comes my time to die, I'll hate to go.

WHEN THE GODS RIDE BY.

The storm-birds cry ere the gods ride by;
And the wind is never still:
It sings aloft where the gum tree sways,
And on its quivering leaves it plays
A music, loud and shrill.

Through the darkening sky the gods ride by,
As the muttering storm-cloud comes
Across the sun. Loud o'er the plain,
Above the music of the rain,
Sound rattling thunder-drums.

As the gods ride by I hear their cry
Shrill out like a trumpet-blast.
Their laugh is louder than thunder's crash;
Their path is lit by the lightning flash;
And the steeds of the gods are fast.

As they hurry by, their cloud-robcs fly
Behind, and sweep the earth.
Soon sunbeams dance through the leaves once
more;
Each rivulet sings with a tiny roar
To echo the gods' wild mirth.

—N.E.R.

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Eleventh Annual Report of the 1921-22 University Union.

The past year has been the first in which the Union has taken the responsibilities previously belonging to the Students' Association, and was therefore to some extent an experiment. So far there have been no difficult situations, and there seems to be no reason why the present arrangement should not continue till the University becomes much bigger.

Membership:—The number of financial members for the year was 182; of these 161 were undergraduates. Next year when the system of payment is better understood it is hoped that all undergraduates will belong to the Union automatically.

Council:—The Council held 9 meetings during the year, including 3 special meetings. Mr. Walker was appointed assistant secretary, and has been of great assistance. Early in the year it was found that the finances of the Union were getting much too cumbersome for the spare time of a student, and the Council appointed Mr. J. D. Cramb as Treasurer. Should the Union decide to retain Mr. Cramb's services it will mean that a permanent official is always available; audit fees will be saved, and the Union will have a continuity that was impossible with the rapidly changing personnel of the Council.

Union Matters.—The usual freshers' welcome was held on the first Friday of 1922. There were about thirty freshers present, and the evening appeared to be considered satisfactory. Old members should make every effort to induce all freshers to attend.

Commemoration Day practices began early under the capable baton of Mr. Cooper; they were well attended and gave people an opportunity to meet each other. Commem. Day was first fixed for August, but the Council managed to change this to June 11th., and next year it will probably be in first term.

As Commem. Day approached, a real Commem. spirit became general. The procession was well up to the standard,

though not so long as it could have been. In the afternoon ceremony certain changes were made, and it was held in the Exhibition Hall. Union members took a prominent part, and the afternoon has been considered the best that has taken place so far.

At night there was a record attendance of 242, including most of the staff.

On July 19th. members assembled to farewell Mr. Burton, and he was presented with the usual suit-case.

The University Ball was held in the South Brisbane Hall on August 2nd. It was found impossible to secure a larger building, and invitations were limited. It was quite successful as a dance, and the Union has to thank all who worked to make it so, particularly Misses Bartholomew, Campbell, and Hulbert.

Financially the Ball resulted in a small loss; this was due to a miscalculation of the probable attendance, based on the experience of previous years.

"Galmahra."—When the Union took over Galmahra with the other affairs of the Students' Association there was a debt of £78 from the previous year's operations. With the aid of the Advisory Committee the Senate was induced to make a grant of £50 towards the magazine on condition that it published a supplement contributed by the Staff. The Union made a grant of £25, and with this assistance it is expected that the year will end with the magazine free of debt. This result has been due to the fine work of Mr. F. Bennett and Mr. Schmidt. Messrs. Chamberlain and Fryer as joint editors, have kept up the literary standard of the publication.

The Union, in conjunction with similar bodies in other Australian Universities, has published an Anthology of Verse by Australian undergraduates. We subscribed £4, and should clear this easily. Copies are obtainable from Mr. Cramb. So far 23 have been sold.

Senate Advisory Committee.—This body has not been very active: the Union, through its representatives, secured a grant for the Magazine and had some influence on this year's Commem. It seems probable that any Union recommendations will receive serious consideration, and members are urged to give this matter some attention.

War Memorial Committee.—This Committee has about £145 in hand; only one design has been received to date.

Reserve Fund.—This fund has now begun as it automatically receives one-third of the Union's credit balances; this year £23/3/- will be put at fixed deposit, and the fund should grow steadily.

Constituent Bodies.—These have all been active and call for little comment. The Dramatic Society gave a particularly finished performance, and the lack of support by Union members is rather discreditable; nevertheless the War Memorial Fund should receive about £40.

Financial.—The Union is in a sound position financially, in spite of the absence of the profit that was made in the last two years on the Union Ball.

The balance at last audit was £55; and at this, £69/9/-, of which one-third was transferred to the reserve fund. This position is considered satisfactory in view of the varied activities of the Union, and the constituent clubs. The only outstanding debt at the 1922 audit was a magazine debt of £50 to the printers; but against this sundry debtors owe between £30 and £40, and the various constituent bodies have small credit balances. With a careful supervision of expenses in connection with the magazine the finances of the Union should never be a source of anxiety.

For the Council,

R. L. HALL,

Hon. Secretary.



UNION NOTES.

In view of the fact that the annual report of the Union is printed, in a condensed form, there is little further to be said of the Union's activities during the past few months.

The chief event of the year was the Ball, which was held in the South Brisbane City Hall. This proved a most successful function, the committee being ably assisted in the decorating by a bevy of willing workers. The main cause of the slight financial loss was the over-estimation of the probable attendance, and inability to curtail the catering arrangements at the last moment.

The Annual Meeting was well attended, about 90 being present. The outgoing committee was complimented on the excellent work done during their term of office, and special mention was made of Mr. Cramb's

appointment as Treasurer, an action which had most successful results.

The new Executive consists of:—President, Mr. E. B. Freeman; Treasurer, Mr. J. D. Cramb; Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. E. A. Walker.

Representatives were elected for the War Memorial Committee, Common Room Committee and Advisory Committee to the Senate.

The sub-committee appointed for the Amendment of the Constitution has not yet met, but the ground has been broken for them by several amendments passed at the General Meeting.

Some useful and practical suggestions were put forward at the meeting for the consideration of the Council, and it is hoped that all members of the Union will co-operate with the Council in making the coming year a successful one.

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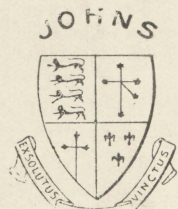
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Round the Colleges.



Once more the Melbourne Cup draws near; but the 'Varsity starts its race meeting on November 6th.

This stable has a varied lot in training, yearlings, three-year-olds, and aged horses brought in for some solid training, and an attempt at a place in the great event; preliminary canters are held at any old time, but usually by electric light.

The eclipse provided a cessation of hostilities and the excuse for a few trips, but by the time this is read, the track will be inches deep in dust again, and the whips flying thickly.

Colin Bingham came home to roost, but most inconsiderately flew off again. Henry and Walter also took their bright smiles somewhere else, but the former keeps in touch by visiting the place once a week to load some of the college with mathematical bombs for Prof. "Argo" came out in all its glory and sold well. We must apologise for not including in it a list of those who contributed to the great Jersey fund. The list is as below; we thank the contributors heartily. There still remains a deficit; we would be very grateful to have it cleared. H. Burton, Rev. Stephensen, E. Curwen-Walker, C. Thompson, W. Strover, G. L. Leckey, C. M. Calder.

Another vacancy will be caused by the time this is in print. One of "Gal-mahra's" editors, J. D. Fryer, is to leave us for hospital; mustard gas is the trouble, none the less virulent for its delayed action. We wish him a speedy recovery and a quick return to his corner of Edale.

David and Goliath have amalgamated to form a College Navy. All positions for higher ratings are filled, but tenders close on October 10th for the position of ship's cat, lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

In conclusion, may the luck be good and November cool—or as cool as it can be.



We pass over the stereotyped beginning to the effect that "third term is here and everyone is working hard," and merely say that we wish everyone the best of luck in the forthcoming trial by ordeal. Judging by the amount of electric light used "Good luck" here should be an unnecessary adjunct as most expect to emerge with flying colours on merit only. (?)

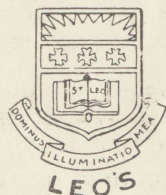
The annual river picnic took place on September 2nd, and was the means of passing a very enjoyable afternoon and evening. The proceedings were in the hands of a very able committee, and the whole programme was run off to schedule. After a two hours' trip up the river, enlivened by sundry musical instruments, including an ex-piano (no; it's alright, Joe), we disembarked and proceeded with the usual sports programme. A feature of this was the finish of the three-legged race, which would have delighted the heart of any camera fiend. The return journey in the moonlight was all that could be desired—(ask Bcb).

Success was not our lot in either Inter-College Football or Rowing. We

take this opportunity of congratulating St. John's College members, who have already acquired sufficient points to declare themselves premiers for this year. While on the subject of sport, we must also congratulate Miss Hooper and Our Willie on winning the Mixed Doubles Handicap.

After a spirited and eulogistic speech by our C.P. representative, we were induced to re-establish our once-existing Debating Society, which died a natural death during first term. It flourishes again, and the first debate will be held next Saturday, for which the subject "Are cushioned chairs a necessity at debates?" has been suggested.

In conclusion we wish you all an undisturbed long vac.



The approaching exams. have already cast their shadow of gloom over us and blotted out many of those bright patches so characteristic of college life. Hours of leisure "yarning" have been superseded by periods of monotonous drudgery, and spicy jests have given

way to stolid humour. Still, aspiring actors and "budding" baritones try to relieve the monotony of "fag" by spasmodic outbursts which never fail to awaken hostile echoes from all quarters of Bohemia.

We passed on to third term minus Tom Barry, one of the foremost Leonians, who has been attracted away to the placid surroundings of Rosalie. Sadly do we miss Tom's sparkling wit and varied "contes," which will, we earnestly hope, survive his culinary experiments.

Billiards is as ever the most popular game at Leo's this year, but great keenness and enthusiasm for tennis also now prevail, which must be pleasant news to all those who are longing to see Australia regain the Davis Cup. Progress has also been noted in the "noble" art, and under the able tutelage of Benny Palmer some formidable "leather pushers" have been developed.

By winning the football and running second in athletics, Leo's this year have done creditably in Inter-Collegiate sport. Johns, however, by their handsome win in rowing have gained the Inter-Collegiate Sporting Championship for 1922. To them we offer our heartiest congratulations.

An innovation this year of interest to all colleges and the entire Varsity took place in the form of the Baxter Cup competition. The great popularity already evinced in these matches pays a great tribute to the man in whose memory they were initiated. May this spirit remain.

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It is of course necessary to make the usual well-worn comments on the forthcoming exams., partly from habit and partly because we feel that they are of some real significance to most of us. We take this opportunity of wishing those who work good luck in November. Those who don't work will probably need a pretty big slice of luck in any case.

It is very pleasant to see the rapt and anxious expression on every (?) face at night. It augers very well for the results in the future. Some of our members like a little breathing space at times and hie themselves to the corner shop for relief from their arduous toil.

The Davis Cup matches have proved of inestimable value as bait for some of the theclogs. At present we have been getting some great bites. A suggestion was heard the other night that we should change the leg—the other one was long enough. Besides this very agreeable pastime, we have of late been favoured with selections from the "Swallow" of Musical Society fame, from the voice of "Colin." His efforts were, strangely enough, not appreciated, and he was promptly quenched with tank water. It might be added that our Principal was absent at the time.

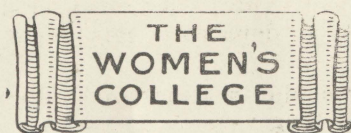
Tennis still continues to thrive, although it is waning to some extent. Two of our members of the theolog. hall appeared with a Winner and a Paterson racquet respectively. We await startling developments.

An attempt to produce a practice wicket beneath the court was attended with some success, and the cricket enthusiasts bang away to their hearts' content.

Thus one more year passes and brings some to the conclusion of their University life, when they have succeeded in convincing examiners that they can write B.A., etc., after their names.

We bring our brief epistle to a close by wishing all and sundry our best wishes for the last lap of the present year and the glorious freedom of the ensuing one.

—0—



"Fearless and unperplexed
When we wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what
armour to indue."

Well, we hope we shall feel like that in November—some of us are feeling very much like that now!

At the beginning of this term the hockey team, of which nine are Collegians, returned from a very jolly trip to Melbourne.

College sport continues to progress. The return hockey match against the 'Varsity resulted in a win for us 2-1. In rowing circles we are making our debut on October 14th—we are entering a crew in the Ladies' Fours in the Q.R.A. Regatta, and in anticipation thank Mr. K. Baird for his valuable coaching.

Last year Miss Bage's trophy for the best all round sport was won by Madalen Hulbert, whom we congratulated heartily, knowing she deserved it well. This year the trophy is to be awarded to the person most proficient in two sports. We thank Miss Bage very much for the interest thus shown in the Sports Union, which, founded only last year, has already justified its existence.

We have had visits from two old Collegians this term—Lucy Milfull stayed a

few days; and Meta, our dear old chief of last year, has made us a couple of short visits. We were sorry to lose Frieda Oxnam last term; but we still see her smiling face at the 'Varsity.

Friends, colleagues, and countrymen, bring forth your hankies and weep again. 'Tis in memoriam of Maxwell —our dear friend departed this life these two years.



A TRANSLATION.

THEOCRITUS XIX.

Once a wicked bee stung Cupid
Stealing honey from the hives,
Pierced his little thieving fingers
As he sought to gain his prize.

Cupid blew upon his fingers,
Jumped about and stamped the ground,
For his hand was hurting sorely.
Then he Aphrodite found.

And he showed his hurt complaining,
"Why, a bee's a tiny thing!
Who would think that such a creature
Had so very big a sting!"

But his mother gently smiling
Said, "Why, like a bee thou art!
Thou art only very tiny,
Yet what wounds thou deal'st the heart!"

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Our Societies.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

As was remarked upon in the annual report, the Dramatic Society has just completed its most successful year, both from the histrionic and the financial point of view.

The Annual General meeting was held on the 2nd September. Mr. Stable had submitted his annual protest, but in spite thereof he was again elected to the position of President. The other elections were:—

Vice-President—J. R. L. Cooper.
Hon. Secretary—L. D. Watson.
Hon. Treasurer—A. F. Clappison.
Committeemen—F. C. Bennett, J. H. Buzacott, O. F. Anderson.

In spite of the fact that the 1920 loan of £5 and 1922 grant of £20, from the University Union had been refunded, that £40/9/—, the net profits of the production of "Pygmalion and Galatea," had been handed over to the University War Memorial Committee, and that a library had been established, the financial statement showed a small credit balance. This speaks very favourably for the management of the affairs of the Society throughout the year.

Particular attention is drawn to the library. There are already about 50 books of plays, together with a catalogue, a rubber stamp, a photograph of the cast of the 1912 production (presented by Mr. Stable) and a librarian, Mr. O. F. Anderson. The lastnamed was elected in place of Mr. D. Henderson at the first meeting of the new committee. Rules for the library are not yet drafted, but books may be borrowed, by application to the librarian.

The committee has appointed the Secretary as the Society's delegate to the University Union Council. The question of the play to be produced next year has also been discussed, and a reading will be held towards the end of term, probably in the second week of examinations.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Our thanks are due to Miss Sisley, Mrs. W. Collins, Sir Pope Cooper, and Prof. Michie for donations to the funds and to the library.

Matters have been more or less quiet during the last term, and we are now preparing for the second and final concert of the year. This will take place on the 21st October in St. Andrew's Hall, and will consist of glees and part songs.

A regrettable feature of late has been the absence of our mainstay the trebles. We wish to remind our members that the greater the membership the less the burden on each one. We are sure that if these facts are placed before the absentees they will rally to the colours and help the Society to a successful finale.

A suggestion put forward by one or two members of the Society to hold a social function was discussed, but it was decided that the present year was too far advanced, and that it should be left till early in the following year.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

As a natural consequence of the enthusiastic support accorded the Debating Society during the first and second terms, there is little to chronicle of the activities in third term.

A debate was held towards the close of second term. Mr. E. Stanley, supported by Miss B. Graham and Mr. C. Hooper, affirmed that "Any attempt to practise Democracy in Government is doomed to failure." Miss L. Penny, supported by Miss P. Fullarton and Mr. T. Barry, had the pleasure of congratulating their opponents.

A debate, which evidently impressed a local editor, was conducted under the auspices of the Women's Club.

Congratulations to Miss I. Brown on her generalship.

Much to the disappointment of Queensland, the Inter-'Varsity Debate for next year is booked for Adelaide. Unfortunately we were unable to send a team to compete in the recent Inter-'Varsity Debate; as a consequence Melbourne emerged victorious. Vale.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

Our third and most important function of the year was held in the Men's Common Room on September 1st. A debate on "A lie is sometimes justifiable" afforded our guests an enjoyable evening.

The officers for 1923 are:—President, Miss Moxon; Vice-President, Miss Bartholomew; Secretary, Miss Dowrie; Treasurer, Miss Spurgin. Miss Moxon, well known to us all as "Cec," needs no introduction, and with her at our head and a loyal committee we may predict a successful year for 1923.

MEN'S CLUB.

We don't often hold an annual general meeting; in fact only about once a year as a rule, but when we do—well it doesn't amount to much after all. The last effort occurred a couple of weeks ago, and contra spem et expectationem, not to mention consuetudinem, there was no necessity to scour the highways and hedges to secure a quorum to open the session.

The annual report and balance sheet passed away without a murmur, and the following officers were then elected: President, F. W. Dunstan; Secretary, R. J. Bateman; Committee, J. Grice, R. Mundell, J. Nicklin.

In the course of subsequent discussion it became evident that the members were beginning to realise the inadequacy of the present scope of club activities.

It is a sign of health to see a child kicking, but if the cradle be too small, it only stubs its toes, unless it kicks

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out the end. But if the cradle has just been painted, the end may stick too tightly to be moved by the feeble efforts of a child.

Moreover, if the absent-minded nurse should remember the child, before it becomes entirely atrophied, she may thoughtlessly take it up and send it out to play in the back yard which has just been given to her because the previous owner didn't know what else to do with it.

If the poor kid has become so dispirited as to stay there and not 'raise a cry to reach the sky,' it will soon break its little heart hobbling around the big stony patch—168 acres of it—looking for a flat place to play marbles.

Failing this it may begin to take a morbid interest in the inmates of the adjoining hospital, whereupon its funny old nurse would sit back and watch it with a beaming smile of supreme self-satisfaction.

But wouldn't it be nice if the family doctor—or the kid itself—insisted on having a grassy playground, with plenty of good places for marbles, with the river running beside it, where the kid could sail little paper boats? They might even build a new hospital out there, and take some of the patients off the floors at the old place, and put them in beds out there, so that the youth could watch them getting better, or worse, and still keep a cheerful spirit within him.

Of course it is absurd—but wouldn't it be nice? In the meantime, at the end of all time, that is to say, after the exams., won't we have fun!

On Friday night, November 17th, we gather around the festive board at Finney's, and pour libations to the gods for all that shall have been put behind us. Let there be no defaulters among past or present members, for the sight of an empty chair is an abomination to all men.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Towards the end of last term we held an auction sale at the University, and Miss Walker kindly organised a jumble sale for us at St. Andrew's. As a result of these the C.U. benefits by about £11.

The Annual General Meeting of the Union was held at the end of the term, and the retiring President read a very satisfactory annual report.

The new Executive consists of:—President, L. D. Watson; Vice-Presidents, J. R. Cooper, Miss D. Yates; Secretaries, F. A. Gaydon, Miss J. Smart; Treasurers, N. E. Raymond, Miss J. Dowrie.

We hope that with the co-operation of all members the coming year will be a still more successful one.

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ROWING CLUB.

The rowing season is now practically finished, so far as the University Boat Club is concerned. There is a possibility of getting a crew together for Henley, but with the cricket season upon us this is doubtful.

Since last issue we have held our Annual Lady Coxswain's Regatta. This year only 4 crews entered, due to the apathy of a number of members. In the first heat Buzacott's crew with Miss Barrie as cox, narrowly defeated the favourites in Lewis's crew with Miss Bartholomew. In the second heat Marshall's crew with Miss Bleakley had a very narrow win over Daly's crew, with Miss Sterne. In the final Marshall defeated Buzacott. The winning crew was:—F. Marshall (str.), J. Grice (3), J. Harding (2), G. Houghton (bow), Miss D. Bleakley (cox). The steering this year was many times better than in previous years.

A "Calcutta Sweep" run on the race resulted in an amount of £1/10/- being handed over to the Club, a sum which was very welcome in the present state of finance.

It is hoped that next year a regatta with mixed crews will be held, as some of the fair sex are making excellent progress at the sport. It is rumoured that some of them intend to try for a place in the "Eight" next year.

The Inter-Faculty race was also held. This resulted, as usual, in a win for Engineers, with Science a close second. Arts, for some reason, did not compete. This faculty had a selection committee, and yet apparently no effort was made to get a crew. It is to be hoped that this will be remedied next year.

The practice four is being put into good condition for next year, and it is hoped that we will be able to get at least one tub put into perfectly good order.

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'Varsity Sport.

SPORTS UNION.

The Sports Union is now nearing the completion of another successful year. The win of the 'Varsity crew in Adelaide was a great achievement, and shows what Queensland can do in inter-Varsity contests when the necessary enthusiasm is to be found.

The lack of interest in sport shown by some students is appalling, and Queensland will never be able to take a prominent place among the other Australian Universities till all the students give their whole-hearted support.

We offer our hearty congratulations to the following, who have been awarded blues or half blues:—

ROWING.—Full Blues: E. B. Freeman, K. Baird, J. W. Dowrie, J. W. Grice, V. E. Greet, F. S. Marshall, J. T. Daly, R. L. Mills, F. G. Holdaway.

ATHLETICS.—Full Blue: F. H. Roberts. Half Blue: R. L. Hall.

CRICKET.—Full Blue: C. R. MacDonnell. Half Blue: A. McCulloch.

CRICKET CLUB.

The Cricket Club has already started activities. Graceville No. 2 wicket has been obtained as a home ground, and a practice wicket at the 'Gabba has also been arranged for.

The Baxter Memorial Cup match is to be played on the Grammar School turf on September 30th

Representations have been made to the S.U. to authorise Inter-Faculty matches, but so far nothing has been done. Two team secretaries have been appointed this year, whose main duties will be to collect and hand over to the General Secretary wicket fees for each match. This matter

of wicket fees seems not to have received very much attention last year, with the result that one or two clubs still owe us varying amounts. This should be avoided this season—in fact, it will have to be, as the club is dependent on these fees to cover the wicket rental.

Nothing has yet been brought forward about the Inter-'Varsity match, but it should take place some time in November. This year the team, with possibly two exceptions, will be an entirely undergraduate one. This fact ought to stimulate practice activities with a view to selection.

"A" grade fixtures are dated for the first Saturday in October.



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SWIMMING CLUB

The Swimming Club, which for the last year or so has been apparently defunct, has among some enthusiasts awakened a new interest. A meeting of students was called, and those present decided that an effort be made to resuscitate the Club.

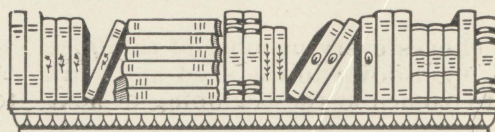
The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, J. Nicklin; Vice-President, R. Bateman; Hon. Secretary, J. Lawrie; two other members of the Committee, Miss Hempstead and O. Anderson.

It was proposed and carried unanimously that a carnival be held about the middle of first term next year, so that the handicappers should be enabled to judge the relative merits and demerits of those competing, and that scratch races be held at the beginning of the coming season. The determination of the date and the baths to be used was left to the Committee.

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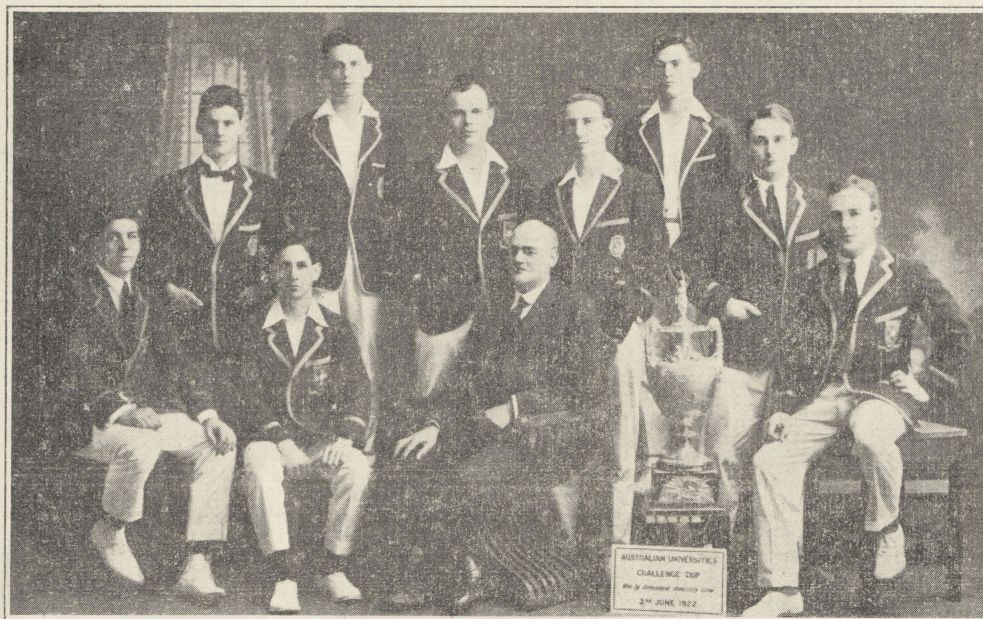
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It behoves every member of the Boat Club to get down to the shed and start to get coached at the beginning of next

year, so that we will be able to boat the best possible crew, and do our utmost to retain the challenge cup.

THE VARSITY EIGHT, WINNERS INTER-VARSITY 8-OAR RACE, 1922.



Standing.—J. Grice (5), V. Greet (4), J. Dowrie (6), J. Daly (2), R. L. Mills (Bow);
F. S. Marshall (3).

Sitting.—K. Baird (7), F. Holdaway (cox), A. A. Watson (coach), E. B. Freeman (stroke)

The fine cup, which was won by the above crew at Adelaide on 3rd. June, 1922, was donated for the purposes of Australian Inter-Varsity rowing contests by a number of Old Blues of Oxford and Cambridge in the early eighties.

The first Inter-Varsity Eight-Oar race was held on the Yarra in 1888, when Melbourne proved victorious. Since then the trophy has been contested annually with the exception of the years 1915 to 1918 in-

clusive; Melbourne have secured the coveted honour 13 times, Sydney 13, Adelaide 4, and Queensland 1.

The year 1920 marked Queensland's entry into the competition; the crew which went South managed to secure 3rd. place.

The race of 1921 will long be remembered by Queensland for the gruelling struggle over 3 miles of the Hamilton reach, Melbourne snatching a hard-earned victory in a splendid finishing effort.

HOCKEY CLUB.

Since the last issue of Galmahra, the Inter-Varsity hockey contest—the most important event of the Hockey year—has been decided. The matches were played in Melbourne, and though we have no wins to record, we spent a right royal time,

albeit missing a week of third term. Melbourne, who carried off the cup, defeated us 4-0, Sydney 9-1, and Adelaide 3-0. Last year it was hoped that the inauguration of the Brisbane Hockey Association would do much to improve our play, but it seems that until compulsory attendance and

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punctuality at practices, and strict training of the team are insisted on, we cannot hope for much success in Inter-'Varsity contests.

In our Association matches, we have few victories to our credit, but we may hope for better results next year.

Since coming back from Melbourne, a match—College v. The Rest—has been played, and resulted in a win for the former by 2-1.

The annual general meeting was held on September 13th. The following were elec-

ted approximately ten "A" grade players were unavailable, and this made it necessary to call on players from the "B" team, thus making it exceedingly difficult to field a team in the "B" grade fixtures.

During the first week in August a team journeyed to Sydney, where a match was played against Sydney University League team, and resulted in a win for the latter. In previous years the Inter-'Varsity match has been financed by the League, but this year, owing to the match being played under the

'Varsity Football Team.



(Trainer), J. Lynam, R. Biggs, A. W. Ruddell, F. Irvine, J. Nicklin, H. McCulloch (Trainer).
V. McCarthy, E. B. Freeman, J. A. Horsley (Vice-Capt.), G. A. Fisher (Capt), J. Vidulich,
J. Allman, G. O. Boulton.

S. A. Trout

J. Davidson.

ted office-bearers for 1923. Captain, Mrs. Todd; Vice-captain, Miss Smart. hon. secretary, Miss Fullarton; fourth member, Miss Bennett.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

The football season for the year 1922 did not prove as successful as it might have, either in regard to achievements on the field of play, or from a financial point of view. The small number of victories registered was probably due to the large number of injuries sustained during the season. At one per-

auspices of the A.U.S.A., we were unable to receive any financial assistance from the League. The tour incurred an expenditure of £118, while we received only £40 from the proceeds of the match. Consequently we are at present faced with a debit balance, as subsidies from the League for the season amount only to £50, whereas in the previous year £100 was received.

The All Schools v. 'Varsity match was played on Church of England Grammar School turf, and after a hard tussle ended in a victory for the schools by 10 points to 7.

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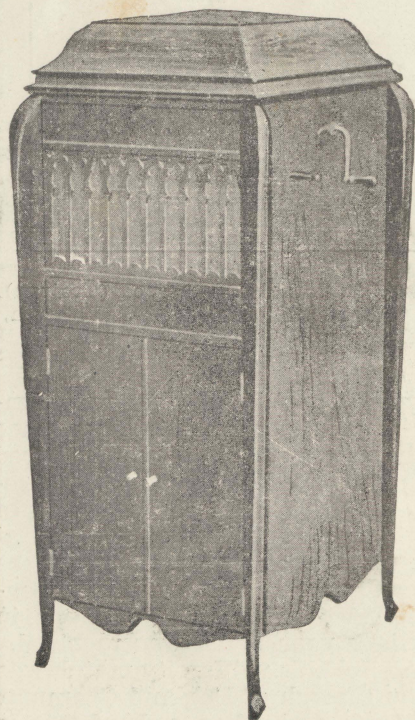
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Personalialia.

"Galmahra" would add its mite unto the felicitations that deluge Professors Stable and Alcock on their elevation to chairs. May they sit in them long, and may the seats of their professorial pants never grow shiny.

To J. D. Fryer, joint editor of this journal, we tender our regrets at his forced migration from us, due to a recurrence of mustard gas trouble. We hope for his quick return and long for his cheery grin.

Mrs. Skehan (nee Agnes Noore) has returned from cold, frost-bitten Norway, and has brought back an infant with her.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot," drones the basso profundo of George Cooling at Brisbane Grammar.—He tempers his song with chemistry.

M. McWhinney wields the eloquent wand at Lismore High School. The friendly old stork has found him out, and in the goodness of its heart presented him with a daughter. We tender our congratulations.

Likewise we have a sheaf of them for Mrs. Norman Kynvett (nee Elsie Lord). Her family's increase is also a daughter.

Tony Smith has been transferred to Rockhampton.

We announce with pleasure—almost as much as that with which he announced it—the engagement of Tie Dancer to Miss Stephenson. We wish them sunshine and roses for ever.

Ivy Lee, who makes pills in Southport, announces her engagement to Mr. Catton, a graduate of the University of London.

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Lucy Cribb, transferred from Charters Towers to Cairns, reports "loving life" up there.

* * *

Edna Campbell is in Brisbane and has paid several visits to the Common Room.

* * *

Julia Birkbeck has returned to England after a trip to Scotland.

* * *

Our congratulations to Mrs. Eric Cribb (nee Freda Watson), a son, now about six months old.

* * *

Lad Lane—to him also our congratulations and good wishes that the gilt will long be on the gingerbread (he recently took to wife Miss C. Shields)—wields chloroform and a scalpel or two in and around the city. During week ends he operates on mackerel down the Bay.

Gordon Dunbar having completed his Rhodes courses at Oxford is back in Sydney, studying Law.

* * *

Jerry Calder is on the Atherton tableland busily manufacturing roads that the wet season may have something to wash away.

* * *

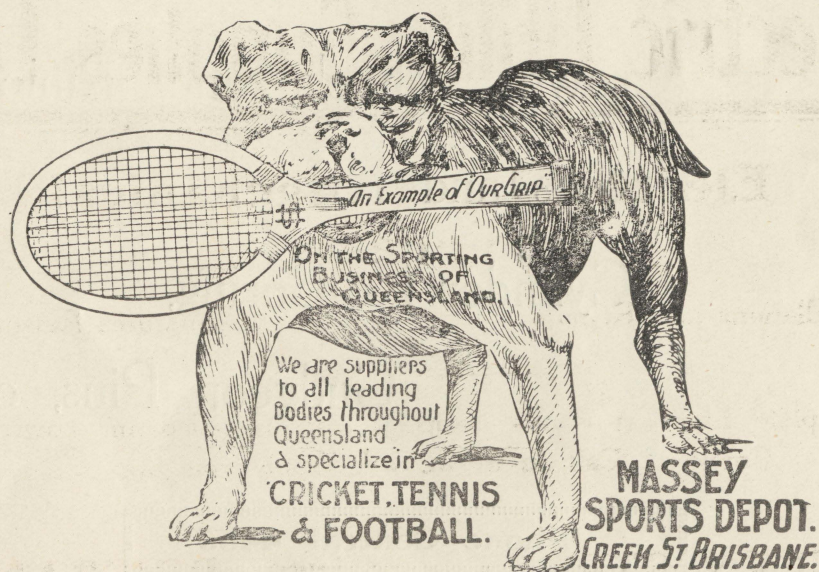
George Leckey tickles transformers for the Tasmanian Hydro-Electric. Just how or when he tickles them, we are not quite sure.

* * *

Johnny Wagner is either erecting or demolishing silos at Junee, N.S.W. Again our information is scanty.

* * *

Jigger McCulloch is in the City Electric Light. Knowing this, we quite fail to understand why our lights should go out every time a storm appears.

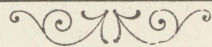


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Cathedra.

Graduates and past students who are members of the Union, should send their addresses to the business manager. Otherwise, he cannot be held responsible for non-delivery of magazines.

* * *

The Business Manager regrets to announce that the May, 1922, issue, has been sold out, and many late subscribers have been disappointed. Therefore, if you would avoid such disappointment, send your future subscriptions early.

* * *

Once upon a time the Editors, in their great foolishness, reprimanded certain club secretaries for submitting notes in pencil. This time one ingenious secretary sent notes on one-quarter page of foolscap—and that torn off as crooked as a lame dog's hinder limb. Woman, thy name is . . . !

Throughout the year the bulk of copy for Galmahra has been furnished by a few ardent contributors. We do not believe—much as they try to make us—that into the hopeless brains of the remaining great mass of students, there never enters an original thought. We would urge, therefore, this great apathetic camel to give some thought to Galmahra during the long vac., and to endeavour to produce something—be it scurrilous verse or serious prose—and so assist next year's editors. Unfortunate ones! They have our sympathy.

* * *

And our Graduates, too. Many of them as students made the Magazine possible. Except in very few cases, we have now never a line from them. "Galmahra" could reach much higher planes if some more of these would but give us the benefits of their maturer thoughts. Those Graduates who have contributed, may their name be praised evermore!

**

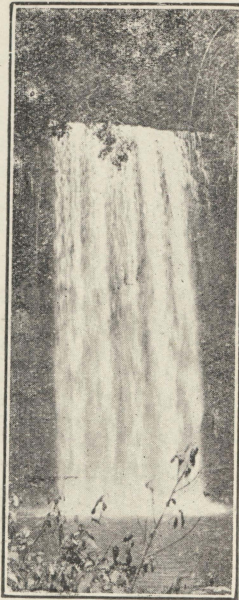
EXCHANGES.

- "Hermes."
- "Melbourne University Magazine."
- "University College Hospital Magazine."
- "Victoria University College Review"
- (N.Z.)
- "Cerise and Blue."
- "Lux."
- "The King's School Magazine."
- "The Sydneian."
- "C. of E. Grammar School (Melbourne) Magazine."
- "Adelaide Medical Students' Society Review."
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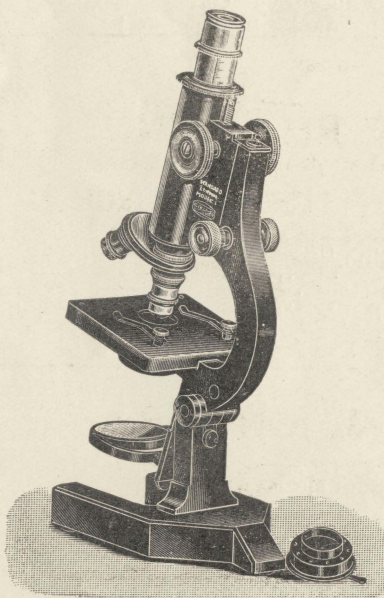
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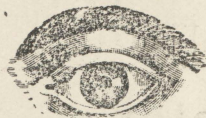
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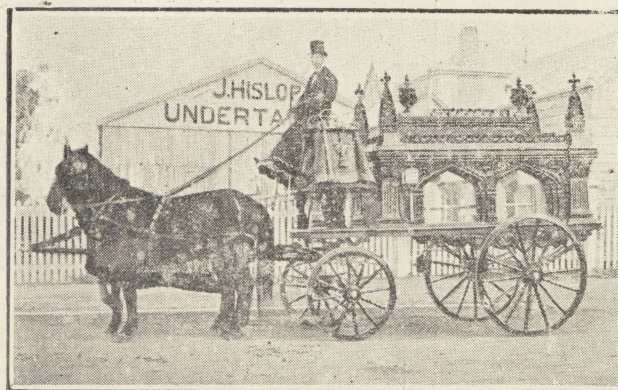


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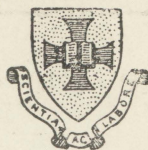
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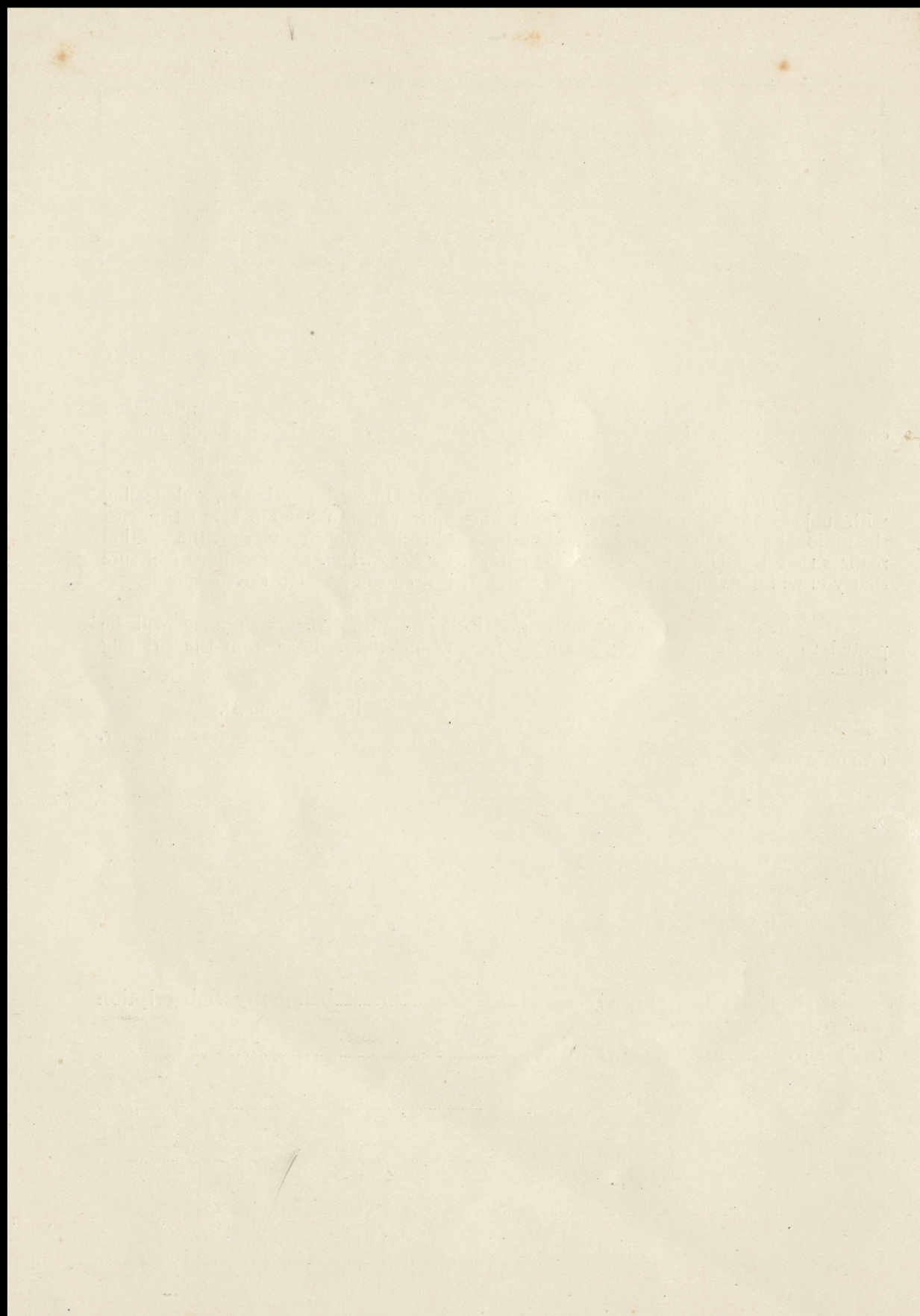
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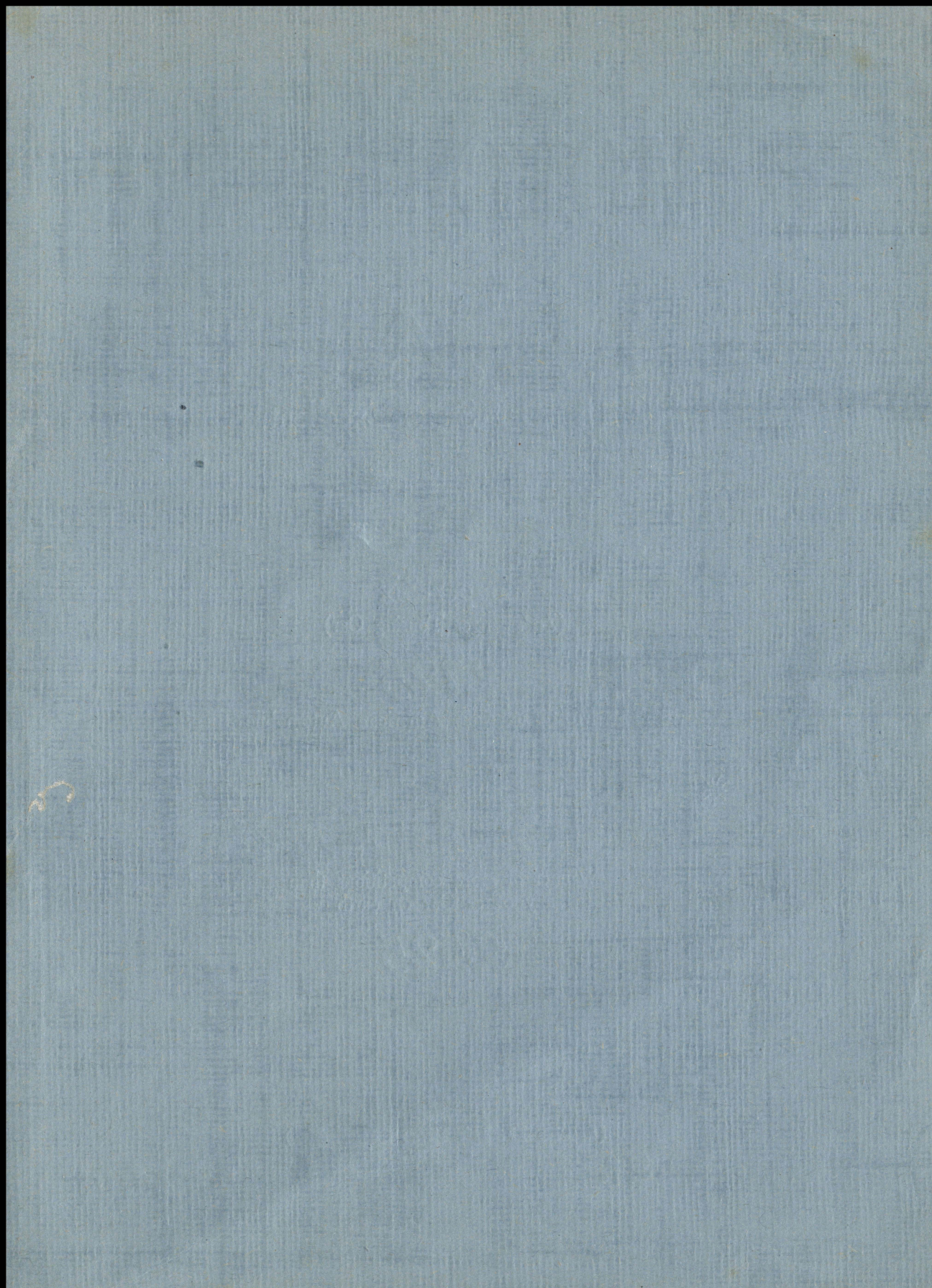
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